The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 180. Vol. XXX. SEPTEMBER 1906 Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 6s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

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READY IMMEDIATELY.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception

News Notes.

We have pleasure in calling attention to the results of our £100 Prize Competitions for the Best Stories for Boys and Girls and Little Children, as announced on p. 212. The most interesting feature of the results is the success of one competitor in gaining the prizes in two different sections. The feat is the more remarkable in view of the gratifyingly large number of competitors who entered.

No novel of the autumn will be more eagerly awaited than "Prisoners," by Miss Mary Cholmondeley, which will be published during this month. It is now seven years since her last book, "Red Pottage," was the most talked of work of the day. The delay is not remarkable, considering Miss Cholmondeley's delicate health, and her fastidiousness as an artist. Most of "Red Pottage" was rewritten three or four times over.

As an advertisement of fiction there is nothing to beat pulpit rhetoric, whether hostile or favourable. "Red Pottage" was a case in point. "Mr. Gresley" was viewed in many quarters as a libel on the High Church clergy. The *Guardian* maintained this view in an article four columns long. On the other hand, the Bishop of Stepney, preaching in St. Paul's, described the character as "to every clergyman who reads it a standing self-examination." The result was that even in America the sales speedily ran up to fifteen hundred copies a day. Miss Cholmondeley's quiet retort to her critics was that she knew many Mr. Gresleys. She did not write of what she did not know, for she is the eldest daughter of the Rev. R. H. Cholmondeley, for many years rector of Hodnet.

"Prisoners," we understand, is an absorbing love story, the scene of which is laid partly in England, partly in Italy.

"The Doctor of Crow's Nest," Ralph Connor's forthcoming book, is a Canadian story of the time of the building of the North-West Railway. "The Doctor," like the "Sky Pilot," is a splendid type of manhood, and his story is full of enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, and breathless adventure.

It will be good news to many novel readers to know that Miss Una L. Silberrad has written a "Second Book of Tobiah." In recent fiction there have been few characters so original and so deftly drawn and so attractive as Tobiah the Dissenter.

Captain Klado.
Author of "The Battle of the Sea of Japan."

At the end of last month there was founded the Malone Society, the object of which is to produce accurate copies of the best editions of early plays. The list of twenty-two promoters includes representatives from nearly every British and Irish university. Twelve plays are announced for the first year's publication, a liberal allowance seeing that the subscription is only one guinea annually. The hon. sec. is Mr. W. W. Greg, Park Lodge, Wimbledon, S.W.

By the lamented death of Mrs. Craigie, THE BOOKMAN has lost a very valued contributor. Considerable as was her achievement, those who knew her well never doubted that her best was still to come, for in addition to unusual scholarship, she possessed most of the qualities that go to the production of a great novel. Her books exhibit this trait and that in perfection, but to none of them had she yet harnessed all her great gifts and conducted it to an end adequate to her powers.

Mrs. Craigie was essentially a citizen of the world. She used to say, "I feel as if each of the chief cities of Europe was my native place, because I have childish recollections of them all." She was intimately acquainted with most of the literatures of Europe, and was a skilled linguist.

When she was eighteen Mrs. Craigie determined to devote herself to literature, and entered on a careful study of the best models of style. On her first short book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," she spent a year's work. Messrs. Macmillan, to whom it was first sent, desired a change in the title and in the ending of the story, but the young author characteristically stood firm, and so the book appeared in the Pseudonym Library, under the now familiar name of John Oliver Hobbes.

Mrs. Craigie's own favourites among her works were "The School for Saints," and its sequel, but she was wont to confess that the book she liked best was always the one she was about to write. She declared that she never drew from real characters. She could force herself to write regularly and anywhere, and while slow and deliberate in planning her work, the writing was done easily and quickly. She never rewrote. Punctually every morning she began work at eight, and read philosophy, history, and classics until ten. From ten to half-past eleven was given to writing. After lunch came other two hours of writing. In the evening she would not touch a pen "even to write a postcard."

"Sir John Constantine" is the name of a new novel by "Q.," which Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish early this month. It is the story of an Englishman's romantic adventures in Corsica in the eighteenth century.

The new edition of the complete works of Mrs. Gaskell, of which Messrs. Smith, Elder will issue the first fortnightly volume this week, will contain a biographical introduction by Dr. A. W. Ward, of Peterhouse, who has received the assistance of the Misses Gaskell. The work will be completed in eight volumes.

The recent strictures by Father Vaughan on a certain section of London society find a counterpart in Mr. John A. Steuart's forthcoming novel, "The Wages of Pleasure." The book, the scene of which is laid in London, contains some scathing pictures of the modern marriage-market. We understand that a well-known Ladies' Club figures prominently in the story.

An interesting literary coincidence is that "E. Nesbit," or when clothed in her proper identity, Mrs. Hubert Bland, lives in an old Kentish place, Wells Hall, where once resided Margaret Roper, the cherished daughter of Sir Thomas More. At this charming old place she has gathered about her old English flowers, old English furniture, and enough old English books to stir the most amiable bibliophile to envy. Mrs. Bland began her literary career by writing verses. Then came a series of ghost stories, which Sir Walter Besant said were the best ghost stories he had read. It is as a writer of children's stories that she is now best known.

A new novel by Baroness Orczy will be published this month by Messrs. Greening and Co. It is called

"I Will Repay," and is a story of the French Revolution. The "Scarlet Pimpernel" will figure again in the list of characters.

A new volume of rural sketches by Mr. Walter Raymond will be published immediately, under the alluring title, "The Book of Simple Delights."

An attractive volume is announced by Messrs. Blackwood, under the title "Maids of Honour." It consists of descriptive sketches of single women who have distinguished themselves in various walks of life—Hannah More, Mary Carpenter, Caroline Lucretia Herschel, Sister Dora, Mary Kingsley, Adelaide Anne Procter, Marienne North, Jean Ingelow, Louisa Alcott, Christina Rossetti, Agnes Strickland. The author, Mrs. Green-Armytage, of Clifton, has been fortunate in securing for the work the use of many hitherto unpublished portraits. There will also be reproduced an autograph letter of Hannah More.

"The Jungle" has now been published in Japan. The horrors of Packingtown are thus recorded now in sixteen languages.

Mr. Stanley Waterloo, who some years ago created a considerable sensation with his book, "The Story of Ab," has written a new novel entitled "The Cassowary," which will be issued early this autumn.

We understand that Mr. Laurence Binyon has completed an elaborate study of Blake, which Messrs. Methuen will publish in two volumes. The two books will contain complete sets of the Illustrations of the Book of Job and of the fifty-four plates of The Songs of Innocence and Experience, both reproduced in the exact size of the well-known originals.

We understand that Miss Price Hughes, whose biography of her father met with general commendation, has finished her first novel, which will be published shortly under the title, "Towards the Light." It is a story of English life during the later years of the reign of Queen Victoria.

"The Safety of the Honours," by Allan McAulay, a novel which will be published by Messrs. Blackwood about the middle of September, deals with one of the most interesting and romantic episodes in the History of Scotland—the defence of the Castle of Dunottar, containing the Scottish Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State, against the besieging troops of Cromwell. The ancient stronghold of the Earls Marischal was compelled to surrender, but the Honours of Scotland had previously been conveyed out as told in the story,

Photo Elliott & Fry. **The late Mrs. Craigie.**

which is based on documents in possession of the Keiths.

Mr. Louis Tracy's new novel, "Waifs of Circumstance," will be published immediately. The author of "Rainbow Island" can be depended on for a thrilling story of adventure. The scene of the new book is laid in Tierra del Fuego and the savage coast-line of south-west Chili.

Among the more important issues of the autumn season will be a new edition of George Eliot's works, which Messrs. Blackwood have in preparation. We understand the intention is to publish the volumes monthly at the popular price of 3s. 6d. net, and to give a photogravure frontispiece with each volume. There will be ten volumes in all, a volume being given to each of the novels, and two volumes to the Essays and Poems. The frontispieces are from drawings by William Hatherell, R.I., Edgar Bundy, R.I., Byam Shaw, R.I., A. A. Van Anrooy, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Claude A. Shepperson, R.I., E. J. Sullivan, and Max Cowper.

Mr. Jack London, the author of that fascinating book, "The Call of the Wild," has a new novel in the press called "The Cruise of the 'Dazzler.'" It is a story of piracy on the Pacific coast.

We understand that the biography of Sir George Williams has now been completed by Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, and will be published during next month. A specially interesting feature of the Life will be the light it throws on the conditions of business life in London in the early years of the last reign.

Messrs. Cassell announce a new edition of Stevenson's complete works in twenty volumes. The edition is limited to 1,550 copies, and costs ten guineas a set.

Frenssen's penultimate novel, "The Three Comrades," has been translated by Miss Winstanley, Lecturer in English Literature at Aberystwyth, and will be published by Messrs. Constable early in October.

A sixteen-page preface has been written by Mr. Thomas Seccombe for the reprint of Borrow's "Lavengro" in Everyman's Library, to appear this month.

We are indebted to Sir Edmund Verney, Bart., for permission to reproduce an original drawing by Blake in his possession.

For other Blake illustrations we beg to thank Messrs. George Bell and Sons, Messrs. Routledge and Sons, Mr. Henry Frowde, The Carfax Gallery, and Mr. A. G. B. Russell, whose important critical study of Blake will be published next year.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1906.

The immense amount of holiday traffic has materially influenced the trade of the past month along the lines of the light and cheaper issues of fiction, but literature of a more substantial nature has not suffered so much as in many previous years; indeed, the demand for such has proved much above the normal average of corresponding seasons.

Much anticipation centred in the new volume by Marie Corelli, for was not an authentic portrait of the gifted author to be included, and the orders placed prior to publication were very numerous. The after sales have continued to be of a satisfactory nature, and it has thus formed the leading item of the month. "The Saint" appears to have increased in popularity, whilst "Coniston," "The Sovereign Remedy," "Memoirs of My Dead Life," "The Invasion of 1910," "Joseph Vance," and "The Heart of Helen," together with a number of issues mentioned in previous reports, have been in constant demand.

In 3s. 6d. fiction "The Man Who Rose Again" has been a marked success.

Humour has been well represented by Barry Pain's "Wilhelmina in London," and Mark Twain's "Extracts from Eve's Diary"; the latter, well backed up by numerous illustrations, has decidedly caught on.

The lovers of the gentle craft appear to show much appreciation of the volume on "Dry Fly Fishing," by F. G. Shaw.

Biographical items have also continued to attract attention, and the sales of such lines as the lives of Walter Pater, Alexander Hamilton, William Blake, and Canon Ainger, have formed a noticeable feature at a time when the works of such a nature are supposed to be tabooed.

"From a College Window," which has now reached a fourth edition, together with "From a Cornish Window," must again be mentioned, whilst "The Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race," "The Pageant of London," "Religion of Nature," and "An Englishwoman in the Philippines," have alike proved free selling lines.

The enormously increased facilities for motoring, and the general opening up of the country by this means, has doubtless led to much of the marked success of many of such volumes as are contained in The Highways and Byways Series, and Sir F. Treves's issue on Dorset has continued to be a favourite. "The Encyclopædia of Motoring" has also sold well.

"The English Hymnal" is steadily making headway towards popularity.

"The Business Blue Book," in both the paper and cloth editions, has continued to appeal successfully to a numerous portion of the commercial community.

The six volumes of Mr. Punch's holiday books have still proved an irresistible attraction.

Guide Books have needed no pushing, and whilst

many for foreign resorts have been disposed of, by far the larger number have been for home resorts, and the attraction for Cornwall has this year been a noticeable feature.

Sixpenny reprints have been to the top, and judging by the immense numbers sold few tourists can leave without a liberal supply.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month :—

Six Shilling Novels

The Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli. (Constable.)
Joseph Vance. By W. De Morgan. (Heinemann.)
Memoirs of My Dead Life. By Geo. Moore. (Heinemann.)
The Saint. By A. Fogazzaro. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Set in Authority. By S. J. Duncan. (Constable.)
The Heart of Helen. By L. T. Meade. (Long.)
The Sovereign Remedy. By Flora A. Steel. (Heinemann.)
Coniston. By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)
The Invasion of 1910. By W. Le Queux. (Nash.)
The Ferry of Fate. By S. Gordon. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Financier. By J. B. H. Burland. (Greening.)
Thalassa. By Mrs. B.-Reynolds. (Hutchinson.)
Count Bunker. By J. S. Clouston. (W. Blackwood.)

The Man Who Rose Again. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Extracts from Eve's Diary. By Mark Twain. 3s. net. (Harper.)
Wilhelmina in London. By Barry Pain. 3s. 6d. (Long.)
Pater (Walter), Life. By G. Saintsbury. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Blake (William), Life. By A. C. Swinburne. 6s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)
Ainger (Canon), Life. By E. Sichel. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Highways and Byways of Dorset. By Sir F. Treves. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Encyclopædia of Motoring. 7s. 6d. net. (Iliffe.)
From a College Window. By A. C. Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
The Pageant of London. By R. Davey. Two vols., 15s. net. (Methuen.)
Dry Fly Fishing. By F. G. Shaw. 3s. 6d. net. (Bradbury.)
An Englishwoman in the Philippines. By Mrs. C. Dauncey. 12s. net. (J. Murray.)
Hamilton (Alexander). By F. S. Oliver. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
The Business Blue Book. 1s. and 2s. (Curtis Gardner.)
Medicine for the Million. 1s. net. ("News of the World.")
Mr. Punch's Library of Humour. 6 vols., each 1s. net. (Amalgamated Press.)
The Religion of Nature. By E. K. Robinson. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The English Hymnal (various editions). (Oxford University Press.)

E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland).

(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 21ST TO AUGUST 19TH, 1906.

Prefixing a résumé of the past literary season, in one of our contemporaries, the author remarks that we have again the usual complaint of "slackness in the book trade," and yet the season has not been unfruitful of good books. The author then raises the question as to whether we have not many more books than any one can read. We are much inclined to think there is a deal in this, as too frequently we find a success quickly followed by a crop of imitations which are quite uncalled for.

The orders for Marie Corelli's "The Treasure of Heaven," which were booked before publication, were extremely gratifying. No recent work of fiction has been so well ordered before issue. This shows great faith on the part of the booksellers. This authoress's peculiar dramatic power of expression, which seems to appeal specially to the feminine mind, commands millions of readers. Since publication the book is moving off well. Another novel which caused some sensation during its serial issue has done well in its new form. This is "The Invasion of 1910," by William Le Queux.

August, the holiday month of the year, again brings large orders for the still popular six shilling novel. This season the collection of the best volumes just issued, and those recently published, forms a goodly row. Next to the "Treasure of Heaven" and "The Invasion of 1910" in order of sales are "Coniston," by Winston Churchill; "Count Bunker," by J. Storer Clouston; "Lady Betty Across the Water," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "The Sovereign Remedy," by Flora A. Steel; "The Confessions of a Princess"; and "The Guarded Flame," by W. B. Maxwell, whose "Vivien" proved one of the successes of the autumn season of last year.

We have also had exceptionally good demand for the following :—"The Woman of Kensington," by W. Le Queux; "Profit and Loss," by John Oxenham; "Phœbe of the White Farm," by May Crommelin; "The Queen's Tragedy," by R. H. Benson; "The Saint," by Antonio Fogazzaro, and "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair, continue to sell well.

A new three-and-sixpenny novel which has found a very large sale is "The Man Who Rose Again," by that extremely popular writer Joseph Hocking.

From certain districts where the school year begins earlier than is the general practice, we find the booksellers getting good lines for school books, which makes them busy. It is yet too early to make any statements regarding sales, but these early orders hold forth great promise of a good season in this department.

"The Scottish Terrier," a new dog book by C. J. Davies, has sold well.

Sir Fred. Treves's "Highways and Byeways in Dorset," illustrated by Joseph Pennell, and other volumes in this series have been in demand.

The orders for the shilling "Punch Books" have been very large.

The following volumes have also been in demand:—A. C. Benson's "From a College Window"; "From a Cornish Window," by A. T. Quiller Couch; "Eve's Diary," by Mark Twain; and "The Poetical Works" of A. B. Todd, with autobiography.

A sixpenny reprint of a magazine article by Hall Caine entitled "Drink" was very well ordered before publication, and is still being asked for.

The undernoted magazines have had extra sales this month:—The *Novel Magazine*, the *Woman at Home*, the *World and His Wife*, the *Century Magazine*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*, which contained a special article on "Heather Burning."

The extra orders were so large for the following that they ran out of print:—The *Royal Magazine*, *Cassell's Family Magazine*, the *Wide World*, the *Ladies' Realm*, the *Railway Magazine*, *Fry's Magazine*.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Treasure of Heaven. By Marie Corelli. (Constable.)
The Invasion of 1910. By W. Le Queux. (Nash.)
Coniston. By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan).
Count Bunker. By J. Storer Clouston. (Blackwood.)
Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen.)
The Sovereign Remedy. By Flora A. Steel. (Heinemann.)
The Confessions of a Princess. (J. Long.)
The Guarded Flame. By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen.)
The Woman of Kensington. "By W. Le Queux. (Cassell.)
Profit and Loss. By John Oxenham. (Methuen.)
Phœbe of the White Farm. By May Crommelin. (J. Long.)
The Saint. By Antonio Fogazzaro. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Jungle. By Upton Sinclair. (Heinemann.)
The Queen's Tragedy. By R. H. Benson. (Pitman.)

Miscellaneous.

From a College Window. By A. C. Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
From a Cornish Window. By A. T. Quiller Couch. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Highways and Byways Series. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Punch's Library of Humour. 1s. each net. (Amalgamated Press.)
The Man Who Rose Again. By Joseph Hocking. 3s.6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Poetical Works of A. B. Todd, with Autobiography. 5s. (Oliphant.)
Eve's Diary. By Mark Twain. 2s. net. (Harper.)
The Scottish Terrier. By C. J. Davies. 3s. 6d. net. (Everett and Co.)
Scotland Picturesque and Traditional. By G. Eyre-Todd. 3s. 6d. net. (Gowans and Gray.)
Salmon Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Guide Books and various holiday literature.

Sixpenny Novel Reprints.

Drink. By Hall Caine. (Newnes.)
Mona Maclean. By Graham Travers. (Blackwood.)
David Elginbrod. By George Macdonald. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Hundred Days. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
Flotsam. By H. S. Merriman. (Newnes.)
Place and Power. By E. T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
Phyllis. By Mrs. Hungerford. (Newnes.)
The Kingdom of Mammon. By Violet Tweedale. (J. Long.)
The Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. (Pearson.)
The Wife's Trials. By E. Jane Worboise. (Hutchinson.)
The Cruise of the Cachalot. By Frank T. Bullen. (Newnes.)
The Sinner. By Rita. (Hutchinson.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

From September 1 to October 1.

Mr. George Allen.

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—My Dog. With six full-page illustrations in colour by G. Vernon Stokes. 3s. 6d. net.
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE.—Old-fashioned Flowers. With six full-page illustrations in colour by G. S. Elgood. 3s. 6d. net.
BENSUSAN, S. L.—The Man in the Moon. 1s. 6d.
LUCAS, E. V.—Joan Shoesmith. 1s. 6d.
BENSUSAN, S. L.—The Adventures of Mr. Rabbit and Uncle Fox. 1s. 6d.

Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons.

NOBLE, EDWARD.—Fisherman's Gat: A Story of the Great River. Novel. 6s.
McAULAY, ALLAN.—The Safety of the Honours. Novel. 6s.
GRIER, SYDNEY C.—The Heir. Novel. 6s.
GRIERSON, PROFESSOR.—The First Half of the Seventeenth Century: Periods of European Literature. 5s. net.
LUBOVIUS, DR. LOUIS.—A Practical German Grammar Reader and Writer. Part II. 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.

HAGGARD, RIDER.—Benita. 6s.
DUDENEY, MRS. HENRY.—Gossips Green. 6s.
HILL, HEADON.—Her Grace at Bay. 6s.
FLETCHER, J. S.—Highcroft Farm. 6s.
BOULGER, PROF., F.L.S.—Familiar Trees. Vol. I. 6s.
Sir Benjamin Stone's Pictures. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.
"CUT CAVENDISH."—The Bridge Winner. 1s. and 2s.
MACWHIRTER, J., R.A.—The Macwhirter Sketch Book. 5s.
FARRAR, DEAN.—Life of Christ. Pocket Edition. 2s. 6d. net., 3s. 6d. net, 4s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Old Home at the Corner. A Novel. 6s.
HYATT, A. H. (Compiler).—The Pocket Thackeray. 2s. net, cloth; 3s. net, leather.
PENNY, F. E.—The Tea-Planter: A Romance of Ceylon. 6s.
SAXE-WYNDHAM, H.—Annals of Covent Garden Theatre. With forty-five illustrations. 2 vols. 21s. net.
MACHRAY, ROBERT.—The Private Detective. A Novel. 6s.
PENNELL-ELMHIRST, E.—The Best of the Fun. Cheaper edition of an illustrated Sporting Book. 6s. net.
HORNIMAN, ROY.—Israel Rank: Autobiography of a Criminal. 6s.
GIBSON, L. S.—Burnt Spices. A novel by the author of "The Freemasons." 6s.
SEYMOUR, CYRIL.—Cornet Chaos. A Novel. 6s.
HYATT, A. H. (Compiler).—The Pocket Emerson. 2s. net, cloth; 3s. net, leather.

Messrs. Dent and Co.

RHYS, ERNEST (Edited by).—Everyman's Library. Third fifty volumes. Cloth, 1s. net; leather, 2s. net, per vol.

Messrs. Greening and Co.

ORCZY, THE BARONESS.—I Will Repay. 6s.
HERBERTSON, AGNES G.—The Plowers. 6s.
DAWSON, FRANK.—The Heir of Dene Royal. 6s.
WYNNE, MAY.—Maid of Brittany. 6s.
COLE, R. W.—His Other Self. 6s.
WHADCOAT, GORDON C.—The Balance. 6s.
CORNISH, ERNEST.—Bazin's Gold. 3s. 6d.
HALIDOM, M. Y.—The Woman in Black. 6s.
WYNN-WILLIAMS, NEIL.—The Electric Theft. 6s.
NOTT, VERNON.—Summer Days. 2s. 6d. net.
GINGOLD, HELENE.—Abelerd and Helrise. 3s. 6d. net.
DE GOUNCOURT.—La Faustine. 1s. 6d. net, cloth; 2s. net, leather.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.

HARVEY-JELLIE, W., M.A., B.D.—Chronicles. "Century Bible" Series. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.
STEEDMAN, REV. CHARLES.—Life of Jesus. Thirty coloured illustrations by Paul Woodroffe. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.
YEATS, W. B.—Spenser. In the "Golden Poets" Series. cloth, 2s. 6d. net.
COLERIDGE, S. T.—The Ancient Mariner. Four coloured plates by Paul Woodroffe. "English Masterpieces" Series. Paper, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net.
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA.—Goblin Market. Four coloured plates by D. C. Calthrop. "English Masterpieces" Series. Paper, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net.
BROWNING, ELIZ. BARRETT.—Lady Geraldine's Courtship. Four coloured plates by Charles Pears. "English Masterpieces" Series. Paper, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net.
BROWNING, ROBERT.—Christmas Eve. Four coloured plates by Charles Pears. "English Masterpieces" Series. Paper, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

ARMOUR, J. OGDEN.—The Packers and the People. 6s. net.
MERRILL, EUGENE.—Art in the Dumps. 1s. net.
RUDY, CHARLES.—Cathedrals of Northern Spain. 6s. net.
PALMER, FREDK.—Lucy of the Stars. 6s.
BLAND, HUBERT.—Letters to a Daughter. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Methuen and Co.

HICHENS, ROBERT.—The Call of the Blood. Crown 8vo. 6s.
VAUGHAN, H. M.—The Life of Henry Stuart, Cardinal York. with twenty illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
FINDLATER, JANE H.—The Ladder to the Stars. Crown 8vo. 6s.
PICKTHALL, MARMADUKE.—The House of Islam. Crown 8vo. 6s
STREATFEILD, R. A.—Modern Music and Musicians. With twenty-four portraits and illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

CASE, R. H. (Edited by).—Anthony and Cleopatra. Arden Shakespeare. Demy 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.
WYATT, KATE, AND M. R. GLOAG.—A Book of English Gardens. With twenty-four illustrations in colour. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
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ALFRED NOYES.

IN the case of a poet extreme accuracy of dates is of no special importance. I will, therefore, content myself with saying that it was perhaps a little more than three years ago that I first met Alfred Noyes in poetry, and, shortly afterwards, in person. I had received for purposes of review a heavy pile of books of verse, and had laboured over them with, I trust, a sufficiently conscientious view of my duties. I thought I had completed my task, and was about to despatch the copy when my eyes fell on a little volume bound in white vellum that had hitherto escaped my notice. With a sigh of weariness, I took it and opened it. It was "The Loom of Years," by Alfred Noyes. As I turned the pages weariness gave way to interest, and interest soon rose to enthusiasm. Here at last was the real thing: music, colour, and sparkle were in these poems. Here was no mere poetaster's trick of fixing words together in a Chinese puzzle of rhyme. This singer had imagination and delight to fuse his thoughts. Technical dexterity he had in abundance, but the dexterity was his servant and not his master. His outlook was broad, his sympathies were fresh; he had a fine gift of unfettered expression, and he had a high respect for the great traditions of English poetry.

Here, then, was a discovery. I stood upon a peak in Darien, having made my voyage. But who could Mr. Noyes be, and why had we not heard of him before? Plainly he was no idle singer of an empty day. The rare and cunning workmanship of his lines seemed to forbid the notion that this was his first effort in verse—so deeply rooted is the thought that only the old and worn can produce work that is worthy of consideration. The dedication, too, interested me. The book was inscribed to two men, and one of them was my friend, the late James Payn. Surely, I thought, if James Payn had known this poet well I should have heard of him, for James Payn was as freely communicative as he was enthusiastic about the good work of younger men who came within his scope. I discovered afterwards that Mr. Noyes had once sent a schoolboy poem to James Payn, and had received a kind letter of sympathy and encouragement in reply.

The end of it was that I wrote my review, and then wrote to Mr. Noyes, to the care of his publishers, and asked him to come and see me. At the appointed hour the door opened, and in walked—an undergraduate, a big and powerful one, but still unmistakably, I thought, a son of the Isis or the Cam. Somewhere, I knew, I had seen him before. Had I in some previous life attended a convention of poets? Was there in cloudland a Keats and Shelley Club, in which I had beheld Mr. Noyes as an office-bearer? The mystery was soon solved, and cloudland disappeared. Still, our former meeting-place was not altogether prosaic. It was Henley-on-Thames, where, in 1901, Mr. Noyes had rowed No. 6 in the Exeter College Eight. His weight is given in the official records as 12 st. 7 lb., so the question *quot libras* is answered once and for all. Here, therefore, was an immediate bond of union between us. Mr. Noyes, too, had rowed in an eight-oared crew. He had endeavoured to smite the beginning, to heave his solid body indefatigably back, to finish out his stroke, to rattle his lively hands away from his panting chest, to

keep steady on the forward swing, to use his legs, to keep time—in a word, to do all those solemn and momentous things that are involved in oarsmanship. Like the rest of us, he had suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous coaches, and had thus learnt in suffering what he was afterwards to teach in song—the beauty of rhythm and the value of harmony. He had made bumps—splendid, primitive, soul-stirring things disguised in an uncouth word; he had tasted the intoxication of victory and the agonies of defeat in contests of physical prowess; he knew what it was to see the individual wither and the crew grow more and more; he had mingled on equal terms with dons at bump-suppers, and had danced with astonishing noise and vigour round bonfires blazing in a College quad. In fact, not only was he a poet, but he had been a rowing man.

Mr. Noyes was at this time twenty-two years old, a large young man of a modest demeanour and high ideals. He had recently left Oxford, and now proposed to earn a living by writing poetry. I ventured to hint that there might be some difficulty about this; that, unless you happened to be Mr. Rudyard Kipling with an unlimited command of brazen trumpets and clashing cymbals, the fraternity of publishers might frown upon your rhymes and soon reduce you to prose or penury. Mr. Noyes acknowledged my objections politely, but was not in the least deterred from his design. What is more important, he has so far been able to carry it out, for Mr. Noyes has found that there are not a few editors who appreciate poetry, and that, chief among these, Mr. William Blackwood loves to adorn the columns of his cherished Maga with the excellent music of rhymed words or of good blank verse.

Photo H. Edmonds, Hull. **Alfred Noyes.**
Author of "Drake: An English Epic."

Since "The Loom of Years" four books of poetry have come from Mr. Noyes's busy pen. First was "The Flower of Old Japan," a child's dream vision told in beautiful verse. There were dashes in this of the Robert Browning who wrote "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"; there was a fine flavour of the Coleridge of "Christabel," but chiefly there was Mr. Noyes himself. The story, as a reviewer said at the time, "goes from peaceful delight without a break into regions of dreadful forewarning, and emerges into magic palaces of bloom and colour and song." This was followed by "Poems," a fine sturdy volume published by the Blackwoods, and containing manifold proofs both of Mr. Noyes's genius and of his amazing versatility. "Apes and Ivory," for instance, recalls "The Flower of Old Japan." "Sherwood" is a delightful poem of brake and woodland; "A Song of England" and "The Phantom Fleet" strike a noble note of patriotism; and "The Barrel Organ" is a dream of lilacs and violets and Kew Gardens all mixed up together in a beautiful confusion. Here is one verse, with the refrain:—

"There's an Oxford man that listens, and his heart is crying out
In the City as the sun sinks low;
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,
For the minute-gun, the counting, and the long dishevelled rout,
For the howl along the tow-path and a fate that's still in doubt,
For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about
In the land where the dead dreams go.

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London,)
And you shall wander hand in hand with Love in summer's Wonderland,
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London)."

Next came "The Forest of Wild Thyme," to my mind the most beautiful thing Mr. Noyes has yet done. It is a continuation of "The Flower of Old Japan," and is formed on the same general plan, but there is in it a special note of tenderness and pity which gives it a beauty of its own. Nothing is overstrained: there is no gush of mere sentimentalism, but a true feeling for childhood and mystery and the deep things of life.

Last comes "Drake, an English Epic." This is as yet incomplete. Three books of it have appeared in three successive numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and they have since been republished in book form. This is an enterprise of great courage on the part of Mr. Noyes. Hitherto he has been satisfied with smaller ventures. Now he is launched on the great sea of poetry. The subject is a magnificent one, and Mr. Noyes has so far treated it in a fashion which must make all lovers of adventure and poetry hope for the speedy and fortunate fulfilment of his task.

Here I must end this brief notice of one of the most interesting personalities in the literature of to-day. In the natural course of things Mr. Noyes has many years of poetic achievement still before him. His career will be watched with profound interest by all those who have at heart the re-establishment of the great traditions of English song.

THE READER.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

By Alfred Noyes.

Illustration from "The Songs of Innocence," by permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.

"THE man's face looks as if he will live to be hanged," objected little William Blake when taken to be apprenticed to Ryland the engraver; and hanged Mr. Ryland really was, by the neck, until he was dead, some ten years later. But a prediction of that kind was a trifling matter to a prophet who, at the age of four, had seen "God put His forehead to the window." This infinite infant, moreover, had a more vivid sense of the demands of realism than was possessed by Moses and the elder prophets, and he promptly set up an appalling scream for his mere mortal mother. That was no doubt unreasonable; but it proved his good faith. Of course, God, in such a case, was probably the milkman, or some large and dreamy dustman in quest of his cloudy perquisites; but to the child who was afterwards to see "a world in a grain of sand," there was a terrible and overwhelming mystery behind that blurred window-pane, and he was as absolutely right in referring it to its ultimate origin as modern "mystics" of the so-called "Celtic school" would be absolutely wrong if they suppose that Blake ever saw, or professed to see, the absurd apparitions that haunt their *séances*.

The non-committal attitude of the more authoritative commentators on Blake, with regard to his "visions," hardly tends to re-assure a public that has always been a little over-anxious about the mental health of its great men. It may do no harm, therefore, to point out the difference between Blake's "visions" and those of one of his recent Celtic editors, before we come to discuss the work of the poet.

Mr. Yeats, in a delicately-written but artificial book (of which the title is taken from Blake), quotes the following profound phrases from that great visionary: "The world of imagination is the world of Eternity. It is the Divine Bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the vegetated body. The world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation or vegetation is finite and temporal. There exist in that eternal world the eternal realities of everything which we see reflected in the vegetable glass of nature." Accordingly, Mr. Yeats, in all solemnity, proceeds at once to describe one of his own visions. "I closed my eyes a moment ago, and a company of people in blue robes swept by me in a blinding light, and had gone before I had done more than see little roses embroidered on the hems of their robes, and confused blossoming apple-boughs somewhere beyond them, and recognised one of the company by his square, black, curling beard. *I have often seen him; and one night, a year ago, I asked him questions which he answered by showing me flowers and precious stones of whose meaning I had no knowledge*," and so forth.

William Blake.
Rischgitz Collection.

There seems to be a "bull" of some sort in the sentence italicised, a bull very typical of the so-called symbolism of a cult which—though it is obviously the charming but bastard offspring of a few fine artists like Maeterlinck, Verlaine, and Aubrey Beardsley—has had the humour to call itself Irish, and to claim Blake as an ancestor. However, if Mr. Yeats is still an Irishman at heart, if the "bull" is more than a touching relic, surely it is a pity that he should allow such pieces of decorative falsehood and affectation as that "vision" to be associated not only with his profoundly sincere and passionate nation, but also with his fine expositions of William Blake. For Mr. Yeats is a guardian of the things that are more excellent in contemporary literature. It may be that his poses are deliberately adopted to repel the Philistines who have annoyed him with brute reason; but would it not have shown more subtlety, perhaps more power, if he had tried to persuade and reveal, rather than to conceal and dissuade? He described Mr. Swinburne as "a one-eyed man among the blind" on the subject of Blake; and that was an error; for, without the slightest over-emphasis it may be said, of course, that Mr. Swinburne has at least a hundred eyes for every one in the head of Mr. Yeats on this, or any other subject connected with English literature. Curiously enough it is the privilege of little cults to be "one-eyed." How far removed is the vision quoted above from the cry of the terrified child —"God put His forehead to the window!"

We have chosen that early and oft-quoted incident alone, for our comment on this part of the subject, because none of Blake's visions were far removed from those of his childhood. Whatever he may have seen, his cry contains them all; and by those who understand it they will all be understood. Perhaps he had already puzzled himself with wonder as to whether the sky "went

on for ever," without end, or whether it was a blank, blue wall; and, if so, what was behind the wall. So that when some incarnation of the mystery—such as every dustman is—happened to blot out the common light of day from the window-pane, the sensitive little dreamer was ripe and ready for the scream. If it were not on the ground-floor we should almost be justified in ascribing the forehead of God to the oncoming curve of some tenderly-tinted cloud; but, if "prettinesses" are to be taken with caution in these cases, what are we to say to the "vegetated" materialism of Mr. Yeats' "beautified" (Hamlet coined the word, Polonius objected)—beautified background of confused and blossoming apple-boughs? Indeed, we have heard it said there is many a Calvinistic old woman knitting in the sun outside her cottage to-day who could "give points" to Mr. Yeats in true mysticism. If his vision had not so strongly resembled a piece of painted canvas, and if the picturesque Pre-Raphaelite with the black, curling beard had proffered him, not precious stones and flowers and pretty toys of that kind, but a piece of dung from the heap on which Blake saw Ezekiel lying, the passage would have been more realistic; though, even then, it would have been only second-rate art.

The Ezekiel of Blake's imagination was lying in the filth, "in order to raise men to a perception of the infinite"; and, in that grim sentence lies the key to the whole of Blake's poetry. It explains his Rabelaisian laughter—a huge, bottomless laughter wherein all temporal things are devoured like bits of ice tossed into a sea of lava—a laughter wherein even jests break up into something "terrible as an army with banners." It reveals the burning and passionate endeavour of his whole life; and it accounts, at one blow, not only for his "obscurity," but also for the world's persistent description of him as of one who sometimes went beyond the bounds of sanity. What the world really means is that he often passed beyond the horizons of smaller souls, and became—as Mr. Swinburne puts it—"drunken with the kisses of God." In that sense, and in that sense only, he was mad. He could not see clearly because he was blinded with light. He was mad, because in a stranger and deeper sense than was meant of old, "it is a mad world, my masters!" At the end of a materialistic century, when the bands of the "vegetated body" of things were breaking, he was almost the first to discover that two and two may ultimately make five or six or seven or any number you please. Through the fiery and blood-red rents that the Revolution made in the vaulted roof and narrow walls of a materialistic world, he saw the overwhelming Vision beyond. "God put His forehead to the window!" and Blake screamed like a madman. Again and again, in various forms, the cry of that first frenzy breaks out in his work. A sense of terror at what he so nearly apprehended, a terror of the Face that none can look upon and live, drives him back into the cloudy tangle of things temporal and the midnight clash and battle of our ignorant mortal armies, where the war is not only between evil and good, but between good and good, evil and evil. Just as we seem about to learn from his lips some great unifying truth that shall show us how Hell is Heaven and tares are grain, he turns with a cry of panic away from the secret that must always be too tremendous for any one man's mental system, and hurries us back with him into the world of discord. It was this panic, panic in the strange old sense, which enabled him to write that wonderful "Mad Song":—

"Like a fiend in a cloud,
With howling woe,
After night I do crowd,
And with night will go.

I turn my back to the East,
Whence comforts have increased,
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain."

The author of the "City of Dreadful Night" has pointed out the appalling power of the verb *crowd* in that song, "revealing as by a lightning flash the ruins of sane personality, haunted and multitudinous," absolutely beside itself. One can see the up-clenched hands, the crouching, cowering shoulders, and the whole hideous rushing flight of the madman in that one daring word; which might have occurred to anyone as a possible rhyme, but—in that particular context—would have been rejected by the meanest rhymester as betraying his trade, whereas William Blake chose to make it "the head-stone of the corner."

He was almost the first man at the end of the eighteenth century to be confronted with "That which Is and no man understands," the sheer intellectual impossibility of anything existing at all, and the thought-blasting contradiction of that impossibility by the smallest grain of sand. An impossibility that is possible, a contradiction in terms, a "Renascence of Wonder," a Revolution in art, the transfiguration of poetry; all the future of these things in their natural sequence came crowding in upon him; he held their secret in his own hands, and he was absolutely alone.

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
A heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour."

It was into the age of Cowper that he flung that four-line apocalypse and epitome of the whole future of art and poetry. Is it astonishing that a man who could do this was occasionally bewildered and overwhelmed by the exceeding weight of glory that pressed in upon him from every side? It inevitably meant, at first, so far as any finite system of thought was concerned, a loss of all proportion, a wild outcry for liberty, and a confusion of the ultimate with the immediate plane. It meant the acceptance of all symbols—that blinding revelation of God, not only in good things, but also in evil, which has here and there produced such strange and terrible fruits in later art and poetry. It meant that he must make hitherto unknown distinctions such as those underlying the profound saying which he puts into the mouth of Voltaire:—*I blasphemed against the Son of Man, and it shall be forgiven me; but men blasphemed against the Holy Ghost in me, and it shall not be forgiven them.* His discovery that prisons are built with stones of law and brothels with bricks of

religion, that church cast out apostles, and that creeds destroy faith, was enough to shatter the personality of any man who in that age was nevertheless obliged to see God behind them all, God "putting His forehead" to the windows of church, prison, and brothel alike. Need we wonder that Blake's attempt to build up a finite system is a failure? The doors of his mind were wide open, and Infinity swept through them like a sea. Had he succeeded in closing the doors for a moment, and building up any such system, he would have been the first either to shatter it or to build up another and a greater, perhaps a contradictory one.

The Spiritual Form of Pitt guiding Behemoth.
(Reproduced from "William Blake," by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.)

"With trees and fields full of fairy elves
And little devils who fight for themselves,
With angels planted in hawthorn bowers
And God Himself in the passing hours;
With my father hovering upon the wind,
And my brother Robert close behind,
And my brother John, the evil one,
In a black cloud making his moan;
With a thousand angels upon the wind
Pouring disconsolate from behind
To drive them off—and before my way
A frowning thistle implores my stay.
What to others a trifle appears
Fills me full of smiles or tears;
For double the vision my eyes do see,
And a double vision is always with me.
With my inward eye, 'tis an old man grey;
With my outward, a thistle across my way.
* * * * * *
Now I a fourfold vision see,
And a fourfold vision is given to me;
'Tis fourfold in my supreme delight,
And threefold in soft Beulah's night,
And twofold always. May God us keep
From single vision, and Newton's sleep!"

Nothing less than the infinite Universe would have served Blake for a system of divine scripture. So that, in any case, he would have been left exactly where he began, in that regard. The huge, prophetic books of this ignorant and illiterate, but royally great, man derive a sublime pathos from that very fact. They do, indeed, resemble the first cloudy upheavings and dawning colours of a newborn world shaped out of chaos by the yearning hands of some demiurge. More than this they cannot be. Shakespeare himself could not have made much more of the task, if he had so misdirected his powers as to try. It is not in the "prophetic books" that Blake is most a prophet. His greatest work was not done by taking thought of the curious links and mazes and correspondences he found in the world around him. It was done when he was content to bow his head and become as a little child.

"Except ye become as one of these"—the quotation is obvious and old and hackneyed; but it is everlastingly grand and true. After all his talk about Bromion and Los, Theotormon and Urizen, after his grotesque and filthy and horrible visions, after all his jargon about the "Eternal Female," there is a relief as of tears in turning to the "Songs of Innocence":—

"Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child
And he laughing said to me:
'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear. . . .

Engraved by Blake in 1810 after his own "fresco" of the Canterbury Pilgrimage.
(Reproduced from "William Blake," by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.)

"Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name."

We do not think we are wrong in associating those two fragments with one another, so far as their meaning is concerned. They are so divinely perfect and plain that the unprepared mind was hardly likely to feel their extraordinary beauty at first sight. It depends partly on their exquisite and profound insight into old symbolic phrases like "The Lamb of God." Piper, pipe that song again! We can listen to it over and over now; for as it is read, the cadences enthrall the memory, and the passionate simplicity of it is so overpowering that we, too, could almost weep to hear. Pipe a song about a Lamb! We can all return to our lost kingdom of childhood in its divine recollections, exquisite little enquiries and childish commands. One feels that it might have been made by the shepherd-boy who sat singing in that happy green valley of the "Pilgrim's Progress," between this world and the next. Piper, pipe that song again! There is nothing quite like it in all our poetry. It has only been approached in its own peculiar quality, by the universal genius of Shakespeare. It belongs to the same order of poetry as the opening lines and last stanza of the clown's song in "Twelfth Night":—

"When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;

snatches of song that seem beyond invention, like the old nursery rhymes. It is impossible for a mere artist to sit down and contrive a line like

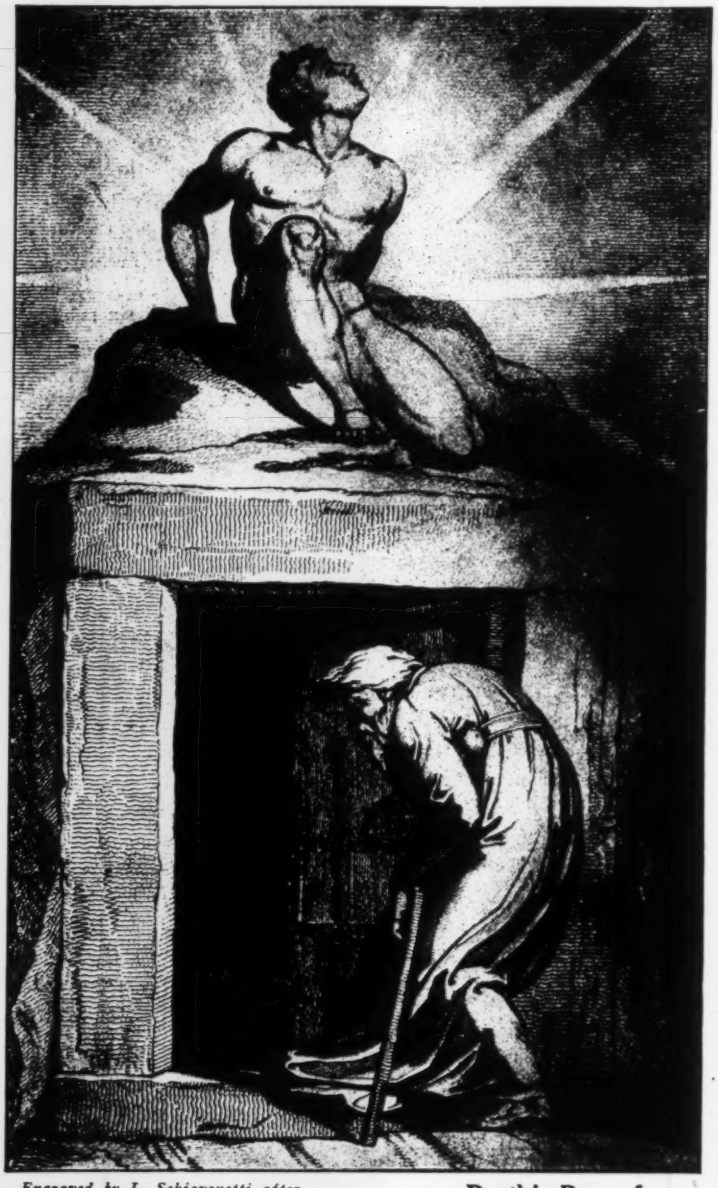
"On a cloud I saw a child."

It is quite obvious that the verses were the inspiration of a moment. One would almost say Blake overheard them, that they were scraps of angels' talk overheard one quiet summer afternoon, when the doors of his mind were ajar to Eternity. "Nowhere but here," says Mr. Swinburne, on another of these "Songs of Innocence," shall we find "such a tender wisdom of holiness. Nothing like this was ever written on that text of the lion and the lamb; no such heaven of sinless animal life was ever conceived so intensely and sweetly.

"And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold:
Saying, *Wrath by His meekness*
And, by His health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep."

The metrical effect—be it noted in passing—of the short seventh line, followed by the triumph of the longer and more sonorous eighth, betokens a consummate mastery; but the "leap and fall," as Mr. Swinburne calls it, of the whole passage is so perfect that the language is more an incarnation than a robe of the poet's deep and tender passion. But our chief concern here is with the fact that Blake was most successful in reconciling the contradictions, resolving the discords of the world, and making the "lion lie down with the lamb," when he was content to accept certain old symbols and develop them with patience, according to his needs and the needs of the world around him. He was possessed by that marvellous image of the Lamb of God: he was haunted—his art shows it in a thousand



Engraved by L. Schiavonetti after Blake's drawing.

Death's Door: from Blair's "Grave."

(Reproduced from "William Blake," by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.)

From the Picture in the National Gallery.

David Delivered from Many Waters.

Rischgitz Collection

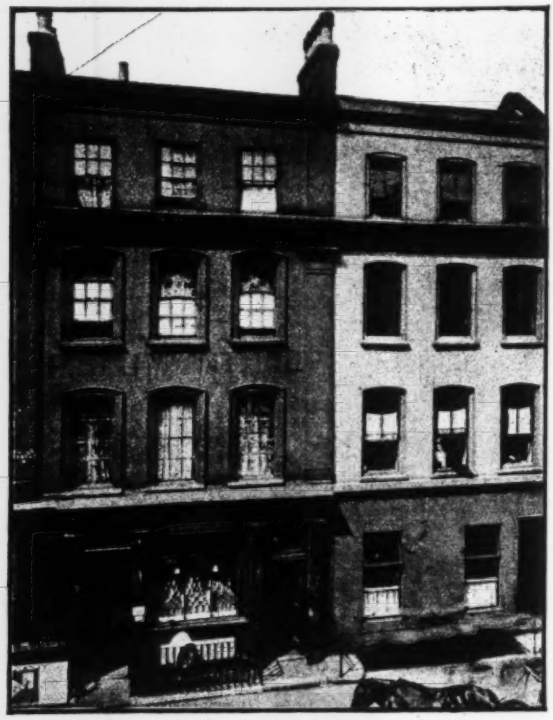
The Reunion of Soul and Body.

(Reproduced from Blair's "Grave," by kind permission of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ld.)

Comus Meeting the Lady

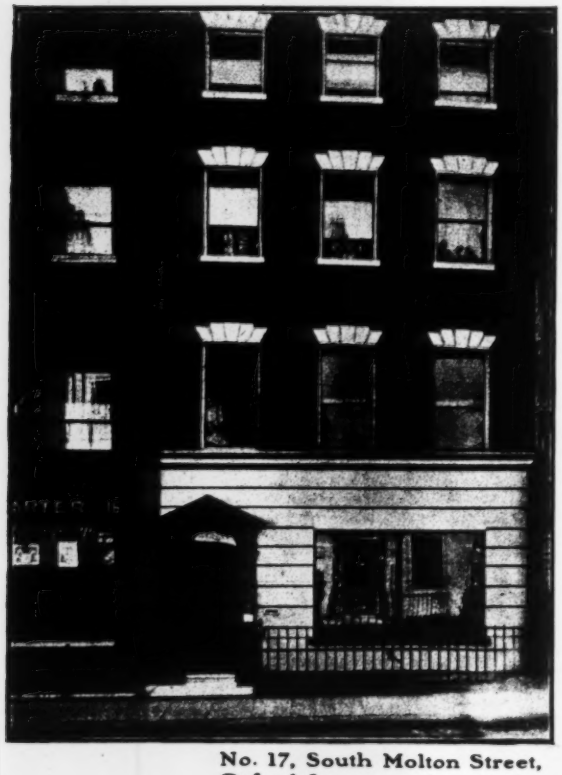
Photo W. E. Gray. **The Raising of Lazarus.**

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Carfax Gallery.)



Nos. 27 and 28, Broad Street, Golden Square.
William Blake was born at No. 28, and afterwards lived at No. 27.

ways—by the most tremendous symbol that our world has yet evolved—the Cross. Blake—like his great exponent, Mr. Swinburne—never rebels against the lower gods without postulating a higher—or rather the Highest and infinite God. Both of these poets, the great one dead, and the greater one living, in shaking off the fetters of the creeds that galled them, named their God with the unbounded name of Liberty. Lady novelists have done Mr. Swinburne the honour, in consequence, of calling him meaningless names like "Atheist." Poets of the day have thought it a fine opportunity to declare that "everything is matter"—whatever that may mean!—and that their mission is to lead the nations out of Christendom! Little men straddling a yard of dust beneath the eternal skies on their own account, and being whirled a thousand miles in the opposite direction, without their knowledge, are declaring that their mission is to lead the nations out of Christendom! And, in the last hundred years, Christendom has come up against us like the dawn, and will soon be over-arching us like the day. Blake was its herald when he cried:—



No. 17, South Molton Street, Oxford Street.
Where Blake lived for seventeen years.

"England! Awake! Awake! Awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move:
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways;
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again:
Our souls exult: and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers."

Blake was the most vital force in the Christianity of his period when he wrote the "Songs of Innocence"; and those marvellous proverbs:—

"A robin red-breast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing."

Conventional Christians who think such words exaggerated cannot yet have arrived at the divine truth in the scriptures they specially claim:—"*Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.*"

The lowly shepherd's pipe that Blake set to his lips began what will eventually prove to be the greatest artistic symphony the world has ever heard. It is only a few performers, perhaps, who are fully aware of its vast import. Some of the musicians, putting in an occasional note on a drum in a dark corner, may think they are leading the nations out of Christendom; but even these must catch fire and be "caught up," as the surrounding orchestra swells to its climax and close. Mr. Swinburne has played several magnificent leading parts already. He hymned the glory of Apollo and Aphrodite, and preferred them to the Christ of the priests. In Blake's words he declared their Christ to be still Lucifer,

"The Son of Morn in weary night's decline,
The lost traveller's dream under the hill."

And his rebellion against that Christ made him reject even the symbols, which, in that case, of course, were deceptive and fraudulent. But when the symphony swelled higher and he was called upon to voice the depths of human suffering, to what symbol does he inevitably turn? "Gaunt backs and labour-loosened

Photo W. E. Gray. **"The Repose, during the Flight into Egypt."**

After the original drawing by William Blake in the possession of the Carfax Gallery, London.

A Breach in the City.

knees" find little comfort in Apollo; the bursting breast of cancer knows no prayer to Aphrodite.

"O sacred head, O desecrate,
O labour-wounded feet and hands,
O blood poured forth in pledge to fate
Of nameless lives in divers lands,
O slain and spent and sacrificed
People, the grey-grown, speechless Christ."

He who sees Christ in temporal things must see Him in the Eternal. Instrument by unconscious instrument, the great final movement of the symphony is taken up. Flashes of the tremendous message are running to and fro like "arrowy fire." A madman, on the stage of a great London theatre, is made to declaim lines of it:—

"I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold,
To be a counter-glory to the Sun. . .
And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
A light to shine upon the lost in hell,
And flashings upon faces without hope."

The child-songs of Blake are caught up by a hundred melodious harps, and their golden burden is ever "of such is the kingdom of heaven." More and more it is borne in upon men's minds that there is only one Subject, one Theme, for the great artist; that all great art is a suggestion, a revelation of the Infinite—of God; and that every advance in science is but another occasion to the poet for bowing the head. All this was heralded in Blake's "Auguries of Innocence":—

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
A heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour."

All this was implied in the "Renascence of Wonder," of which Mr. Swinburne's magnificent book on Blake is incomparably the finest exposition in the language. And the movement is ever deepening and broadening. It was only the other day that an Irish member—Mr. Healy—made a heart-stirring speech on the Education Bill in the English House of Commons to some such astonishing effect as this:—"I cannot spell (laughter); I do not know how to do sums by Rule of Three (loud laughter); but, Mr. Speaker, I do believe in the Infinite Christ to come." That speech was part of the symphony which was begun by William Blake. To Blake the world was all a chaos of contradictory glories; but now, already, from one of the finest of the silver trumpets rings a cry that must surely herald the King upon his way:—

"Lo, I come, I hasten, I set my procession in order!
In order of triumph I come!
At the wheels of my chariot, pacing like alien captives,
Anguish and Time and Death;
With a multitude out of the uttermost spheres assembled;
With a shout of delivered stars."

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best selection of three quotations from English poetry defining "a gentleman."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best motto suitable for a book-plate chosen from English prose or verse.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by C. A. JACKSON, Newton of Barr, Renfrewshire.

THE JUNGLE. By UPTON SINCLAIR.

Read o'er this;
And after, this; and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

Henry VIII., iii. 2, 202.

Other quotations submitted were:—

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR CAR. By W. LE QUEUX.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust.

Timon of Athens, v. 2, 15.

(J. E. RAY, Bushbury, Wolverhampton.)

THE RELIGION OF NATURE. By E. KAY ROBINSON.

You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

As You Like It, iii. 2, 130.

(E. THOMPSON, 4, Hurst Road, Rectory Manor, Walthamstow.)

THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN. By MARIE CORELLI.

You have an exchequer of words, and I think no other treasure, to give your followers. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4, 44.

(E. W. NEESHAM, Gainsborough.)

ANIMAL HEROES. By E. THOMPSON SETON.

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.

King John, ii. 1, 460.

(Miss D. PERSSÉ, Crag-Clare, Co. Galway.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best list of ten epigrams from the works of living writers has been gained by Mrs. SIMS, 3, Roughdown, Boxmoor.

1. "It is useful to find by experience that a truism is true."—"*Limitations*," *E. F. Benson.*

2. "Epigrams are poor squibs when they do not come out of great guns."—"*One of our Conquerors*," *George Meredith.*

3. "Where strength is, there is hope."—"*One of our Conquerors*," *George Meredith.*

4. "When a man measures his eyes with God he must fail."—"*Pan and the Young Shepherd*," *M. Hewlett.*

5. "Work is the centre from which all the lines of a nation's power and prosperity radiate."—"*The Spirit of Work*," *Marie Corelli.*

6. "Art is not Truth nor Beauty, but a revelation of beautiful truth th ough the individual vision."—"*The Master*," *Zangw ll.*

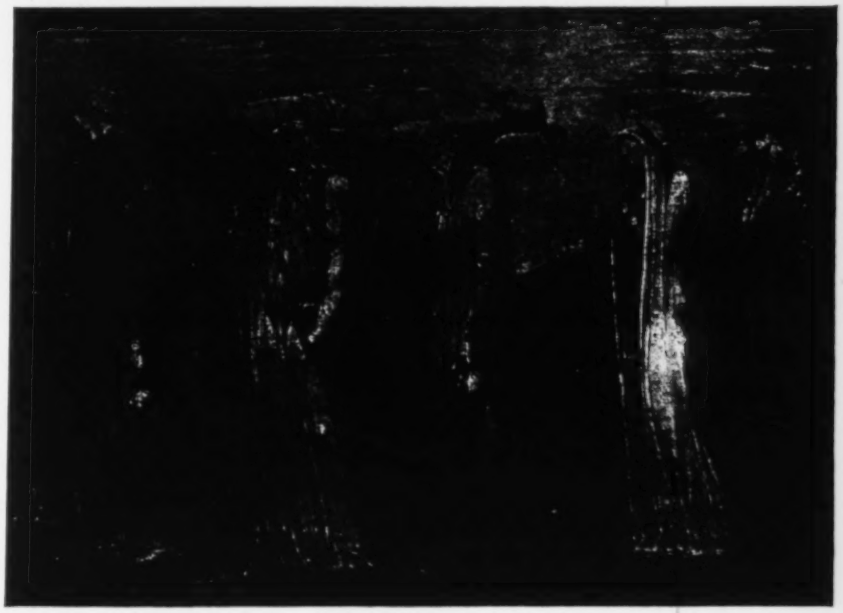
7. "Without courage, conscience is a sorry guest."—"*The Egoist*," *George Meredith.*

The Penance of Jane Shore in St. Paul's Church.

Reproduced from the original drawing by kind permisssion of Sir Edmund Verney, Bart.

Joseph's Brethren bowing before him.

From a photograph kindly supplied by Mr. A. G. B. Russell.



The Procession to Calvary.

From the picture in the National Gallery.

Rischgitz Collection.

8. "We may be brutes in our earthly destinies; in our endurance of them we need not be brutish."—"*The Egoist*," *George Meredith.*

9. "Many people when they make fools of themselves think that they are being original."—"*Limitations*," *E. F. Benson.*

10. "Because a man does not find the law pure justice, that is no reason why he should take his gold to a thieves' kitchen."—*Mankind in the Making*," *H. G. Wells.*

Admirable lists were also submitted by Miss SARAH ROBINSON, 325, Bury New Road, Manchester; Miss J. E. MACDONALD, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh; Miss B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough; Miss GRACE DURAND, Moulin Huet, Guernsey.

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best six critical appreciations of Pope selected from English literature has been gained by Mr. J. F. HORRABIN, 6, Caxton Road, Broomhill, Sheffield.

"Pope is the eternal embellisher of common sense, common life, and just thinking; every line is a maxim or portrait."—*Hannah More.*

"Pope's page is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller."—*Dr. Johnson.*

". . . two great masters of the absolute art of language, Virgil and Pope. You are perhaps surprised at the last name; and indeed you have in English much higher grasp and melody of language from more passionate minds, but you have nothing else, in its range, so perfect."—*Ruskin.*

. . . Your Iliad seems a half-pretence,
Where Wits, not Heroes, prove their Skill in Fence,
And great Achilles' Eloquence doth show
As if no Centaur trained him, but Boileau! . . .
Yet Thou (strange Fate that clings to all of Thine!)
Where most a Wit dost most a Poet shine.

—*Andrew Lang.*

"To say that the *Rape of the Lock* is the best mock-heroic poem in the language is to say nothing; to say that it is the best in the world is to say more than my reading warrants; but to say that it and *Paradise Regained* are the only two faultless poems, of any length, in English is to say enough."—*A. Birrell.*

"If to be the greatest satirist of individual men, rather than of human nature, it to be the highest expression which the life of the court and ball-room has ever found in verse, if to have added more phrases to our language than any other but Shakespeare, if to have charmed four generations make a man a great poet,—then Pope is one."—*Jas. Russell Lowell.*

Excellent lists were submitted by the following:—Rev. T. J. O'CONNOR, The Presbytery, Ballinasloe, Ireland; D. M. MACKIE, Lilybank House, Forfar; W. A. COURT, 5, Dean's Terrace, Booth Town, Halifax; Miss MARIE HARVEY, 56, Drakefield Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.; W. E. FITT, "Cromer," North Road, Highgate, N.; Miss KATHLEEN BUTLER, Forfield, Barrow-in-Furness.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN has been gained by Mr. J. M'CAIG, Sandystones, Ancrum, Roxburghshire.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

Dangle: Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to——

Sir Fretful Plagiary: With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious! But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer: Very true.—Why then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

Sir Fretful: Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer: I think it wants incident.

Sir Fretful: Good God! you surprise me!—wants incident!

Sneer: Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fretful: Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—SHERIDAN—*The Critic.*

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE baiting of Sir Fretful Plagiary is one of the choicest passages in English comedy. As a witty comment on the vanity and weakness of authors there is nothing to equal it, except the famous chapter in Le Sage's immortal novel, where Gil Blas, with juvenile indiscretion, accepts the invitation of his patron, the Archbishop of Grenada, to criticise his sermon frankly and fearlessly. It is very possible that Sheridan, unlike his own Sir Fretful, in this case "stole with taste." Sir Fretful's conclusion was that "if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and, if it is abuse—why, one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another!" In like manner spoke the Archbishop of Grenada. "'Go,' continues he, thrusting me out of the closet by the shoulders, 'go, tell my treasurer to pay you an hundred ducats; and Heaven direct you with that sum. Farewell, Mr. Gil Blas, I wish you all manner of prosperity with a little better taste.'"

The English Comedy of Manners, which achieved its full fruition in the eighteenth century, owed nearly everything to Ireland. It is sufficient to name the chief glories of the stage—Congreve, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Sheridan—but the list could be extended widely, and it includes such respectable playwrights as Murphy, Bickerstaffe, Kelly, and Macklin. In the nineteenth century Ireland gave to the stage many notable actors and some brilliant playwrights, but it is its crowning dramatic distinction that the only plays earlier than 1800, excepting Shakespeare's, which are still seen upon the stage are the works of the two great Irishmen, Goldsmith and Sheridan. The two comic dramatists achieved their fame in different ways. To distinguish between wit and humour is a standing difficulty for the authors of text-books of rhetoric. They tell us that the one is based on intellect, the other on emotion. But the distinction is easier to exemplify than to define, and as often as not the examples chosen are Goldsmith and Sheridan. Goldsmith, like Farquhar before him, is a humorist, relying for his effect on humorous "concatenations of circumstance." Sheridan, like Congreve, dazzles us with the dexterity of his verbal sword-play. His is the triumph of dialogue, the very acme of artifice. Comparing the work of Goldsmith and Sheridan, we might almost say that the distinction between wit and humour resolves itself into the distinction between the artificial and the natural. Sheridan, like many another wit before and since, eagerly cultivated the rumour that his finest strokes were dashed off in an idle hour. The first drafts of some of his compositions remain to betray the labour of the file. His dialogue is superhuman in its sustained brilliancy. His best plays are a gorgeous exhibition of fireworks, with flight after flight of rockets and marvellous "set-pieces" that still hold us wondering and spell-bound.

The family of Sheridan has no rival in our literature in respect of the continuity and the variety of its inherited gifts. The dramatist's great-great-grandfather was secretary to James II.; his grandfather was the intimate friend of Swift and a celebrated classical scholar and translator; his father was an actor, an author and a professor of "rhetoric," editor of Swift, and author of a Dictionary of the English Language. His mother, Frances Sheridan, had an ample dowry of wit, and is remembered in literature as the author of "Sidney Bidulph." His wife was the beautiful Miss Linley of Bath, immortalised by Gainsborough. His grand-daughters were the famous "three beauties," one of whom became Countess of Dufferin and the mother of Lord Dufferin and Ava. And all this is but to single out a few branches of this wonderful family tree, which for at least seven generations blossomed into wit and beauty. Sheridan's family tree, like that of Charles Surface, was assuredly "no common bit of mahogany."

Born in Dublin in 1751, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, at the age of eleven, was sent to Harrow, where Old Parr was an assistant master. Parr left a remarkable testimonial to the boy's attractive personality. "Sumner and I saw in him vestiges of a superior intellect. His eye, his countenance, his general manner were striking. His answers to any

The Lamb
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

Illustration from "Songs of Innocence."

Look what a fine morning it is.—Insects, Birds, & Animals, are all enjoying existence.

(Reproduced from Mary Wollstonecraft's Original Stories, by kind permission of Mr. Henry Frowde.)

Rischgitz Collection.

Plate IV. Inventions to the Book of Job.

"Songs of Innocence," 1789.

(Reproduced from "William Blake," by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.)

common question were prompt and acute. We knew the esteem, and even admiration, which somehow or other, all his school-fellows felt for him. He was mischievous enough, but his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness which delighted Sumner and myself. . . . The sources of his infirmities were a scanty and precarious allowance from his father; the want of a regular plan for some profession; and, above all, the act of throwing him upon the town, when he ought to have been pursuing his studies at the University. He would have done little among mathematicians at Cambridge; he would have been a rake, or an idler, or a trifler at Dublin; but I am inclined to think that at Oxford he would have become an excellent scholar."

Sheridan was precocious as he was brilliant. When he had little more than attained his majority, his love story was being rehearsed behind the footlights of a London stage. It is a familiar and romantic story how Sheridan won the "Beauty of Bath" from rivals innumerable (including his own brother), and fought two desperate duels with the infamous Captain Mathews. Sheridan was an ideal Romeo, and his elopement and marriage were sufficiently romantic even to excite the admiration of Bath. The young husband had no other resource but his almost untried pen, but his first play, "The Rivals," produced when he was only twenty-four, equalled the best of any of his predecessors, and was excelled later only by himself. "The Rivals" is not a masterpiece of construction, nor does it depend for its effect entirely on the sparkle of its dialogue. Where it excels is in the variety of its incident and in its broad, farcical humour. Sheridan owed much to the inventive genius of Smollett. Many of the characters in "The Rivals" are obviously modelled upon those of Humphry Clinker. Sir Anthony Absolute is a close relation of Matthew Bramble, and the immortal Mrs. Malaprop was anticipated by Mrs. Tabitha Bramble in her aptitude for the "nice derangement of epitaphs."

In 1776 Sheridan became manager and joint-proprietor of Drury Lane, and in the following year produced "The School for Scandal." Its success was immediate, and the play took its place as a classic both of the stage and of the library. The opening scene in Lady Sneerwell's drawing-room, the "screen scene," and the selling of Charles Surface's "ancestors" touch the high-water mark of English comedy. "'The School for Scandal,'" says Haslitt, "is, if not the most original, perhaps the most finished and faultless comedy which we have. When it is acted you hear people all around you exclaiming, 'Surely it is impossible for anything to be cleverer.'" Two years later Sheridan wrote "The Critic," a comedy on the model of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," which contains many of his happiest strokes of wit. It is memorable chiefly for the inimitable portrait of Sir Fretful Plagiary, in which his contemporaries had no difficulty in recognising the playwright, Richard Cumberland.

When scarcely thirty, Sheridan, having conquered the stage, determined on a political career. Here again his success was rapid, and three years after entering Parliament he was Secretary to the Treasury. Later he was to become the confidential adviser of the First Gentleman in Europe, and a reputation for oratory equal to his fame as a comic dramatist. Of his great speech, lasting more than five hours, in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Pitt declared that "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times." It is certain, however, that politics did not gain what the stage lost. We think of him in later years chiefly as the brightest wit in the society of the Regency and the author of many well-remembered jests. The last pages in his life are sad enough. Improvidence sent in its bill, and three years before his death Sheridan experienced the indignity of arrest. His noble friends forgot him in his time of trouble, and, instead of helping the living, contented themselves with doing honour to the dead. In 1816 Sheridan was buried with great pomp in Poet's Corner, two royal dukes attending and six noblemen bearing the pall.

Byron's tribute to the genius of Sheridan is well known. "Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been *par excellence*, always the *best* of its kind. He has written the *best* comedy, the *best* opera, the *best* farce, and the *best* address (Monologue on Garrick), and to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country." RANGER.

Some suggested text and reference books:—

The Rivals and The School for Scandal. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
Sheridan's Plays. 11d. net. (Unit Library.)
The Age of Johnson. By T. Seccombe. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)

AWARD ANNOUNCEMENT.

"The Bookman"

£100 PRIZE COMPETITIONS

For the Best Books for Boys and Girls and Little Children.

I.—The Prize of One Hundred Pounds for the Best Story for Boys has been gained by Mr. WILLIAM J. MARX, 158, Garthland Drive, Dennistoun, for his story entitled—

"FOR THE ADMIRAL."

II.—The Prize of One Hundred Pounds for the Best Story for Girls has been gained by Miss CHRISTINA GOWANS WHYTE, Eastwood, Helensburgh, N.B., for her story entitled—

"THE STORY BOOK GIRLS."

III.—The Prize of One Hundred Pounds for the Best Story for Little Children has been gained by Miss CHRISTINA GOWANS WHYTE, for her story entitled—

"THE ADVENTURES OF MERRYWINK."

Illustrated by Miss M. V. WHEELHOUSE.

New Books.

A SCHOLAR-JOURNALIST.*

The broken column occasionally seen in our cemeteries is still the fitting symbol of many lives. There is a pathetic incompleteness about some careers, in which it seems as though a spiteful Fate had defrauded the dead of a rightful heritage. William Thomas Arnold was intended by nature for the work of the scholar; he united to a talent for patient investigation and the industrious gathering of data a power of lucid and brilliant exposition that revivified the dry bones of archæology. He had in Roman history a congenial and a fruitful topic. He died at the age of fifty-two, leaving behind him only well-stored notebooks and some fragments, now edited with the piety of a friend and the zeal of a specialist by Mr. Edward Fiddes, and published by the University of Manchester. That the book will be prized by students of the period to which it relates is certain, for although it did not receive the final touches, it is full of good matter, and has passages excellent in their literary form—as, for example, the description of Agrippa, "one of the master toilers of the world," on p. 166. But it does not represent the potentialities of its author. No one who came in contact with Arnold but must feel how much greater he was than his book. It is the broken column where there should have been a mighty shaft aspiring to the skies.

The biographical half of the volume has intense human interest, although it is the record of a life in which there was little incident or variety. Mrs. Ward writes with sisterly affection of Mr. Arnold's earliest and latest years, and Mr. Montague, the closest of his Manchester friends, describes his strenuous life as a journalist with an intimate knowledge and appreciation that no other person could have supplied so adequately.

Arnold was born in Tasmania in 1852, and was the grandson of Arnold of Rugby, and the son of Thomas Arnold, the original, in part, of the Philip Hewson of Clough's "Bothie"—a man of sensitive, religious spirit, whose vacillations led him both to and from the Church of Rome. He brought his children home in 1856, and was successively a professor in the Catholic University of Dublin and classical master at the Birmingham Oratory School. William Arnold at the age of twelve gained an English literature prize, and as he received the golden coins from the hands of Newman, doubtless felt the joys of triumph as well as the sense of all that the spending of one hundred shillings could contribute to the delights of boyhood. He went to Rugby, not at its best, but darkened by internal dissensions, and from thence to Oxford. As a young man, strong and healthy, he had a delight in physical exercise, but it was kept subordinate to his intellectual interests. He was an omnivorous reader, and had a passionate appreciation of art. The futility of examinations is apparent in his failure to obtain a first class because he had read too widely. He retrieved his position by gaining the prize established in memory of his grandfather with an essay on Roman provincial administration, which still remains the best work that has been written in English on the subject. A new edition of this has been announced, but not only the author, but the friend, Dr. E. S. Shuckburgh, who was to see it through the press, has passed away. Arnold's love-story began at Oxford, and culminated in 1877 in a happy marriage to a lady whose lineage had a similar intellectual distinction to his own, for she was a granddaughter of Whately. Soon after he had gained the "Arnold Prize," and whilst acting as lecturer and "coach," he was introduced to Mr. C. P. Scott, the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, who was in search of a new member for the literary staff of that paper. It resulted in Arnold's removal to Manchester, where he remained until the disastrous breakdown of his health. Here it was that I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance. Our rooms were opposite, and the sound of his joyous entrance, as he came trooping down the corridor "like an army with banners" came to my ears evening by evening; nor shall I ever lose the memory of those nightly chats, brief as they necessarily were, on books and men. Those were his bright days; happy in his home life, full of strength and intellectual activity, he threw himself into the work of journalism with all the alacrity of an athlete conscious of strength. He had a high ideal for newspaper work, and held its function to be that of educating the public, and especially of the public conscience. The ethical was his touchstone of public questions. In the domain of literature and of art—whether pictorial or dramatic—he had the same sense of responsibility, and his views, right or wrong, were the result of conscientious study. His style was lucid, and he had a gift of exposition and the strength of habitual restraint. On one occasion I heard him at the Manchester Literary Club deliver an elaborate and detailed study of the vocabulary of Keats, which he afterwards used as the introduction to his edition of that poet. The Club was—and is—a literary coterie with a slight flavour of harmless Bohemianism and much genuine love of literature, where Frederick Shields and Edwin Waugh and other artists, authors, merchants, and professional men met once a week for social intercourse and discussion. Arnold was touched by the warmth of his welcome, and though he could rarely attend, long remained a member. On another occasion I was present when, to an audience mainly of artizans, he gave a masterly account of the Roman conquest of Lancashire. It was an assembly where those having any acquaintance with the subject would be an almost invisible minority, yet his exposition was followed with the keenest interest and pleasure by hearers, many of whom would go home with an entirely new conception of the meaning of history.

Arnold was a pronounced Liberal, believed thoroughly in Home Rule, and whilst greatly troubled over the "Egyptian muddle," was, in the main, a devoted follower of Gladstone. The statesman and the journalist both acknowledged the supremacy of moral purpose. In religious matters they were widely apart. The unswerving orthodoxy of the elder was not shared by the young journalist, who was not free from the doubts that trouble the intellects of many who retain the Christian spirit even when they have ceased to use its name. Arnold apparently came back at the end to his mother's faith; he had the English reticence on the matters of the spiritual life, but it is interesting and characteristic to find him defending the good faith of orthodox English teachers from the misconceptions of one of his foreign friends.

He did not confine the golden rule to men. The sense of justice and of mercy was at the bottom of his strong opposition to vivisection. For a time he was a vegetarian, prompted to this departure from the conventional partly by his sympathy with the simple life, but still more by his desire to lessen the sum of suffering in the world. Although he did not retain his connection with the Vegetarian Society, his interest in the question remained, and we had many talks about its work. This aversion from cruelty made him take an active part in the movement against vivisection, for he held that the cutting and carving of living creatures *necessarily* implied cruelty. A reference to the unrecognised sacrifices that Miss Cobbe had made by becoming the apostle of kindness to animals excited Arnold's warm approbation; but though he was heart and soul in the crusade, and spent time and thought in its management, he was anxious to realise the position of the "other side" which is ever with us. "Even the vivisector," he wrote, "has his point of view from which he contrives some sort of moral justification of himself in his own mind." He probably gave more time to the Anti-Vivisection Society than any other organisation, but he kept himself well informed of all that was noteworthy in local affairs. He was a "Manchester man," proud of the sleepless city's myriad activities and anxious to see all its better elements stirred into quicker life. To brighten the lot of the poor, to make literature and art living forces working through every stratum of society, to foster a lofty public spirit, and to combine with this propaganda a criticism, sane, searching, and yet free from personality, such were his aims as a Manchester journalist. In the proposals of the Manchester Art Museum Committee and in all that pertained to the increase and better organisation of the artistic treasures

* "Studies of Roman Imperialism." By W. T. Arnold, M.A. Edited by Edward Fiddes, M.A. With Memoir of the Author by Mrs. Humphry Ward and C. E. Montague. 8vo, pp. cxxxiii, 281. 7s. 6d. net. (Manchester: at the University Press.)

of Manchester, Mr. Arnold took the warmest interest. Yet he avoided display, was seldom seen on a platform, and to many whom he influenced day by day he remained "a hidden life." The *Manchester Guardian* has never lacked able contributors, and in its bygone files there lie, often beyond the power of identification, articles by Tom Taylor, Albany Fonblanque, Mandel Creighton, Richard Jefferies, and a host of others, living as well as dead, who have given it distinction. Its sympathies were wide-reaching. In its pages Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, after a period of silence, blossomed into a second spring of dialect song in lyrics fit to rank with those of William Barnes and even of Robert Burns. Nor were the cotton spinners surprised to find in its pages a controversy, in which various well-known scholars joined, as to the fact or fiction of the Romans in Ireland. And it would be a mistake to suppose that there was not a public who cared for these things. The head of one of the greatest engineering firms in the city was a constant reader of a miniature edition of Horace, which he carried in his waistcoat pocket; and the partner in a cotton concern was at the same time a writer of authority on classical subjects. Mr. George Milner whilst still "in business" wrote his charming "Country Pleasures."

As a journalist, Arnold had the swift judgment and the power of rapid expression that are indispensable to success. But this swiftness was not rashness, and the rapidity of expression was based upon the best information to be had. As he sat in his room, there were ranged around on all available sides not only books of information, but a long array of drawers or pigeon-holes, each devoted to a specific topic or class of topics. These were systematically added to, so that when a question came to be treated he had at hand references to authorities, weighty articles from British and foreign periodicals of importance, newspaper cuttings and memoranda of every kind bearing upon the topic. There were few subjects of moment upon which Mr. Arnold had not accumulated information. And he had the true spirit of the scholar, and his information was at the service of all to whom it would be useful. His devotion to the paper was as vigilant as it was loyal. Not only was he full of suggestions for suitable articles, but manuscripts and proofs alike were visited to their manifest improvement. There was a curious contrast between Arnold the journalist and Arnold the scholar. As though to make amends for the necessary haste of newspaper work, Arnold accumulated industriously the material for his cherished *magnum opus* on Roman history, but he wrote little. The fastidiousness of the scholar found free play in the morning studies, and thus balanced the swiftness of the evening work. The decisions of the English Senate had to be studied at midnight from interminable slips of "flimsy," but the constitution of the Roman Senate could be considered with a patient investigation that stretched into the years. On one occasion a local antiquary of undoubted good faith showed me what professed to be a cast from a Roman inscription found in Manchester. It was interesting, but I doubted its authenticity, and, not being an expert, naturally showed it to Arnold. He looked at it, first attentively, and then dubiously, much as a conscientious French *juge d'instruction* might look at an accused person whom he suspected of prevarication, and next day brought the clue that enabled us to clear up its history as one of those Rabelaisian forgeries in which some perversely erudite jesters have taken delight. In 1896 there became evident the first signs of the spinal trouble that ended Arnold's active career. He had to resign journalism, and his latter years, until his death in 1904, were years of pain and suffering, happily with intervals of freedom, in which movement and even foreign travel were possible. But the projects of work, cherished to the last, were impossible of achievement. The edition of Mrs. Gaskell's novels which he had undertaken was transferred to the Master of Peterhouse. The Roman book — the dearest literary project of all — was destined to remain unwritten save for the fragments now issued — fragments that make regrets the keener that the scholar's hope was unfulfilled.

Very sincerely yours
W. T. Arnold

As those who knew him look at the frontispiece of this memorial volume, and remember the manly presence, the dark face, the massive brow, the strong, searching, yet kindly eyes, they will recall those words of Marlowe:

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

AN ARTISTIC EGOIST.*

This book might have been more correctly entitled "Pierre Loti in India," for it is not so much concerned with India itself as with the effect produced by a comparatively small portion of the country upon the senses and imagination of the author. The work is a triumph of artistic egoism, the word-painting a literary delight; and the great French prose-poet's wondrous delicacy of style has been preserved with careful reverence by the clever translation of Mr. George Inman, who has worked in complete sympathy of mind with the author.

This vision of a slice of India as seen through French eyes is curiously interesting apart from the beauty and perfection of the literary workmanship. The author seems to have travelled in an entrancement, an intoxication of senses, that occasionally borders on the hysterical. "Oh!" he cries, "to die at Benares! To die on the banks of the Ganges! To have one's body bathed for the last time, and then to have one's ashes strewn into the river!" The intensity of feeling that permeates the book cannot but communicate itself to the sensitive reader, so surpassingly beautiful are some of the descriptive passages, so poignantly does the writer convey the emotional effect produced on himself by the mysteries of Eastern worship, the magic of

* "India." By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by George A. F. Inman. 10s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Eastern dawns and sunsets, the colour, the languor, the richness of the Oriental atmosphere.

In recounting a journey through the jungles of Ceylon (he visited the island before landing in India), he says:—"When our eyes have grown accustomed to the night, we can see, as in a dream, the vague forms of velvet-footed prowlers flitting among the thickets." This paragraph is typical of the spirit of all the descriptions. What Pierre Loti saw of India, he saw "as in a dream;" he saw, through the glamour of an intensely imaginative and emotional temperament, a mirage of India, from which everything practical, useful, and commonplace was excluded. The book might have been penned in the days of Aurungzebe, when Bernier journeyed through the Moghul Empire, for all the mention that is made of British administration; though certainly he records that he travelled in one of the railways "that now furrow the country," and a naïve note of surprise seems apparent in the statement that "express trains now make it possible to annihilate space in India, just as they do with us." Also to anyone entirely ignorant of the country, and with no other available information concerning it but this book, India would seem to be a forgotten world, slumbering away the ages in a hot, dusty torpor, without Government or progress—a succession of cropless, desolate plains and forests, famine-stricken areas, arid miles of ruined cities, tombs, and temples, relieved now and again by the sensual gorgeousness of a native capital with its atmosphere of colour and perfume, "velvety eyes," "splendid bosoms," "amber limbs," against the dark, terrifying background of idolatrous rites and mysteries.

Whether the author set himself deliberately to record only that which impressed him most of what he saw, or whether he really saw nothing but what he has recorded, it is difficult to say; but he undoubtedly seems to have been blind, by accident or intent, to the existence of Western influence in the country, beyond deploring the fact that native princes should permit European furniture and bric-à-brac within their palaces. It is unfortunate, too, that his experience of famine should have been confined to the Native States; even so it is curious that he makes no mention of relief works, or definite measures for the alleviation of distress. Nowadays, under English guidance, the obligation of the State to help the people is universally acknowledged, though the methods employed may be less systematic and complete than the larger undertakings of the kind in British India.

But M. Pierre Loti did not go out to India as the ordinary globe-trotter, intent on temporal observations or conventional sight-seeing. "I make my way to India," he tells us in his preface, "the cradle of human faith and thought, with nameless dread, fearing that I may find nothing but a cruel and final deception. I have not come here to make a trifling call, but to ask the keepers of the Aryan wisdom to give me their belief in the lasting duration of the soul in place of the ineffable Christian faith which has vanished from my soul." And he begins his quest with an open mind, and apparently no previous knowledge of that which he desired to seek. It is therefore hardly surprising that he should have been pained and disappointed with his first introduction to a Brahmin temple. "I immediately received a hostile impression, a dismal feeling of dread and heathenish idolatry. I had not expected this, nor yet that I should have been refused admission. How childish were the hopes that I had cherished, I who had hoped to find some ray of light in the religion of our ancestors." A course of the works of Monier Williams, Richard Temple, or William Crooke before setting out for India might have spared him much disillusionment. He continued indefatigable in his search for "the light," braving darkness, cobras, fever, by penetrating into sacred spots, and even sleeping among ruins and in temples; but spiritually he had got no further even after his interview with the Maharajah of Travancore, an interview from which he had hoped much. It only taught him that the mysteries of the Maharajah's inmost thoughts would be as impenetrable to him as was the great temple. The account of the manner in which he was entertained by the Maharajah, and of the "concert" provided for his amusement, is extraordinarily graphic. Probably a more sympathetic and understanding word-rendering of Oriental music has never been written; but was it not Philip Gilbert Hamerton who said that the French were more Oriental in temperament than any other European nation?

The brief space allotted to Pondicherry is tantalising—the little glimpses of old French furniture, the remains of French customs, French names, famous French families. What a fascinating picture he might have given us had he chosen to stay and write it in "our tiny and decaying colony . . . where amidst the mouldering walls an entire chapter of French history slumbers." We follow him then to Hyderabad, with its processions of elephants, its dusty whiteness, its silken-clad people; to the desolation of Golconda, and the dreadful caves of the Hindu deities; we shudder with him through a night in the grotto of Siva, and revisit it by daylight to wonder at our fears. Next we are at Odeypore, with its fakirs and temples and palaces, and the wonderful, deserted city of enchantment. On to Gwalior, for whose prince, towards the end of the eighteenth century, Benoit de Boigne trained an army composed of ruffians and fanatics into an orderly and disciplined force—a man whose wisdom and intelligence rendered his master, for the time being, the most powerful of the monarchs of Hindustan. Yet M. Pierre Loti pays no tribute to the memory of his famous countryman.

Still seeking spiritual comfort, the author then visited the Theosophists of Madras, and found that they could offer him no more than the cold consolation of the doctrines of Buddha. But they recommended him to try Benares. Before doing so, he saw Agra and Delhi, of which only the Moghul ruins seem to have impressed him. To the Taj he pays the scantiest attention, a disappointment for the reader, for if anyone could give a notion of its beauty in words, it would be Pierre Loti.

Finally he comes to Benares, and some pages are devoted to a wonderful "impression" of the sacred city, its burning ghauts, its atmosphere of prayer, its pilgrims, its traditions. Then with "deep and unspeakable terror" he knocks at the door of The House of the Masters, the sages of Benares, who "work or meditate the whole day, together or alone. The plain tables before them are loaded with those Sanskrit books containing the secrets of that Brahminism which preceded all our religions and philosophies." He asks: "But what must I do to join you?" and is told, "Swear to regard all men as your brothers and equals, and meet them with the same love whether they be beggars or princes. Swear to seek spiritual truth by all the means in your power. That is all." One is tempted to ask if it was necessary to journey to Benares, or indeed any further than the nearest New Testament, to be told this?

He becomes a disciple in The House of the Masters, and finds consolation in the doctrines of the Vedas—a consolation that "cannot be destroyed by reasoning like that of revealed religions." At the same time, he says with modesty: "I do not claim to have discovered the Vedas any more than I claim to have discovered India."

Almost at the end of his book M. Pierre Loti quotes the advice of the sages of Benares to the Christian. It seems only fair to the Masters to repeat it. "Cling fast to the faith you have, and do not seek any other . . . but if that path of prayer and devotion should be closed to you, we will show you the more difficult way of abstract knowledge. Yet after countless ages both roads meet, and end at the same bourne."

ALICE PERRIN.

THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN.*

The author of this book is well known in England as one of the most important witnesses before the International Commission which investigated the unprovoked attack on our fishing fleet in the North Sea, he having been flag-captain to Admiral Rozhestvensky on board the *Kniaz Suvorov*. As a writer on naval subjects he has an established European reputation, while his attacks on Russian mal-administration have given him a firm position among his own countrymen. From the first he appreciated the "great importance of the *rôle* which the fleet would have to play in the war against Japan, and insisted on the necessity of creating powerful squadrons," giving vent to his opinions in a series of public lectures at many of the principal towns in Russia. Familiar with the Far East and a man of proved ability, he was naturally marked out for

* "The Battle of the Sea of Japan." By Capt. Nicolas Klado, Imperial Russian Navy. Translated from the Russian by J. H. Dickinson, D.Lit., and F. P. Marchant. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

important employment when hostilities commenced. He was, therefore, placed on Admiral Skrydlov's staff as chief of the strategical section when that officer was appointed to the supreme command of the naval forces in the Pacific. It was to him that the plans for the raids executed by the cruiser squadron from Vladivostok were due, the only bright spots of energy relieving the gloom of inaction which characterised the conduct of the Russian Pacific Fleet. Returning to St. Petersburg, he received his appointment under Rozhestvensky, and was by him sent back to Russia after the North Sea incident. Capt. Klado, therefore, had not the advantage of being present at the great naval battle fought off Tsu-Shima, but he knew a large number of officers who were there, and was thus enabled to obtain many "reports, authentic narratives and letters from the seat of war by officers and others who took an active part" in the various encounters. The result is a work which is of the highest importance in the history of naval warfare, and one which may, above all, be recommended for perusal by those who believe in the all-sufficiency of a navy for the defence of the British Empire, for it shows clearly how large a part chance plays in battles fought on the sea, proves plainly that in these days of relatively small fleets, *i.e.*, composed of numbers far smaller than was the case in the days of sailing ships, a little luck at the beginning of a battle may place overwhelming preponderance in the hands of the admiral who is fortunate. It also brings out prominently the fact, which is too little considered, at any rate in this country, that whereas in Nelson's time the proportion of ships sunk was small, at the present day, owing to the greatly increased effect of projectiles and to the introduction of torpedoes, which directly attack the bottoms of vessels, the ratio of total loss is enormously increased. Sea supremacy must be fought for at the commencement of every war, and will only be gained at the cost of many total losses, even in the fleet which obtains it. We must, therefore, always maintain such a numerical superiority in ships over all possible opponents as will ensure the elimination of all danger in this particular when the struggle comes.

There is no doubt the Russians began badly; their *opera bouffe* Government started with the idea they would sweep the Japanese away both on land and sea. They published to the world their belief, with an accompaniment of talk and swagger, until the stern logic of fact taught them that the solid organisation and spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice of their opponents was not so lightly to be overcome. The masses of the Russian people did not want war. Probably there are no more peaceful men in Europe than the Moujiks, but they were sent to slaughter by those in high places, who hoped to gain much by fighting, though they were not prepared to risk their own precious persons in the struggle. The operations of war directed by people like these can only have one termination, and they had it. Capt. Klado explains in detail how divided counsels resulted in two and a half months' delay before a "decision was arrived at either as to what ships should compose the relieving fleet or even who should command it," and "nothing was done but to move two auxiliary cruisers from the Black Sea to the Red Sea, and two more from the Baltic to the Atlantic." He goes on to say that "this futile manœuvre merely excited the animosity of the neutral Powers," and ended "with the shameful surrender to England in the matter of the *Malacca*." He might have added—but as he has not done it, we will do so for him—that we should have been justified in blowing the pirate that captured this vessel out of the water. A hundred years before we should certainly have done so.

The responsibility for not sending every ship available to Eastern waters seems to be somewhat divided between Rozhestvensky and "higher authorities"; but, as is pointed out, the admiral was merely the executive officer of these exalted personages, and it was their duty to carry out the first rule of strategy, which requires that superiority of force should always be aimed at for battle. The despatch of the fleet, "and the Government's action with regard to the whole conduct of the war, showed up the impracticable method of conducting operations from the capital." As an instance of the stupidity which characterised the Administration, the author describes how it would have been possible to transmit to Vladivostok overland "half a score of destroyers and torpedo boats," but that after four months' consideration the project ended in "a refusal on the part of the authorities." There can be little doubt that such a reinforcement would have proved a valuable adjunct to the ships under Admiral Jessen.

A careful comparison is made between the ships of the rival nations and their armaments, to the detriment—the just detriment—of the Russian vessels and their guns. It is, of course, admitted by Capt. Klado that a nation which had practically constructed its navy but a few years before the outbreak of the war was in a more favourable position to secure homogeneity in construction than one like Russia, whose fleet had been of more gradual growth, and the same argument, of course, applies to the two armaments. But no excuse can be given for the inferior types of shells used by the Russian fleet, for the continuation in it of the obsolete method of firing by friction tubes and lanyards, nor the failure to introduce telescopic sights for the guns.

Capt. Klado favours long ranges for the superior of two opponents. There can be no doubt, and the evidence of the battle of Tsu-Shima fully supports the contention, that the tendency is to increase the fighting ranges on sea as well as on land. High initial velocities, range-finders, telescopic sights, all tend in this direction. Modern guns are more accurate and send their projectiles further with moderate elevations; the distance of the target can be exactly ascertained, and aiming with telescopic sights eliminates the sources of error due to the individual pointer and the human eye. One shell of heavy calibre may seriously injure, or even put out of action, an opponent's ship, and hence the tendency to increase the primary armament, *i.e.*, the heavy guns, and reduce the secondary gun equipment to mere torpedo-boat repelling weapons.

The plans of action of the rival commanders are compared, and Capt. Klado remarks that whether Admiral Rozhestvensky desired to bring his opponent to a general engagement, or merely force his way to Vladivostok there to refit his fleet for further enterprise, his obvious course "was to tempt the Japanese fleet to fight at a distance from their bases, so far from their shores that their torpedo craft, and especially their submarines, could not accompany them." This being the case, it is plain that the decision to take the fleet straight from the Saddle Islands (Shanghai) to the Straits of Korea was justifiable only on the assumption that it was superior in force to the Japanese. This was not the case, and our author suggests that it would therefore have been preferable to have established a temporary base in Korea before pushing on to Vladivostok; or, better still, that the Russian admiral should have drawn Togo into the open seas by threatening an attack on the Pacific side of Japan. But in the one case, material for the formation of such a base was needed, and was not available; for the other, the organisation of the coal supply arrangements were totally inadequate. Hence the direct route was the only possible one, and the result of taking it was the destruction of the Russian fleet.

The usual occurrence was seen in this war which has so often proved useful to an enemy, viz., the information obtained from newspapers as to the movements of the forces. The Russian newspapers, like the French in 1870, published many details of great use to their opponents, and some of these were published with the permission of the censors! From which we may make the obvious deduction that the latter did not know their business. On the other side, the Japanese precautions were so effective that practically nothing leaked out.

The second part of the book contains a number of narratives by those who took part in the battles of the 27th and 28th May, many of which are of great interest, alike to the student of naval affairs and the ordinary reader. At the end Capt. Klado sums up, in the fifth chapter, the lines along which he thinks reforms of the Russian navy should proceed. Briefly put, they amount to this:—The only way to ensure its efficiency is through national representation, while its strength must be in accordance with Russia's political aims. A definite policy must be arrived at, and this must be carried out, through their representatives, by a people acquainted with the problem to be solved.

The translators, Dr. J. H. Dickinson and Mr. Marchant, are to be congratulated on having produced a book full of interest, dealing with subjects of the highest importance not only to Russia but to England. For it shows clearly the

results which follow from ignorant administration, results to which we are accustomed in this country whenever we go to war. The book is well turned out, the illustrations of interest, and the method of transliterating the Russian names may be commended to our map-makers, who usually adopt the German plan, which is as intelligible to the average Englishman as to a Choctaw Indian. The table on page 42 contains two mistakes: Canat should be Canet, and the third column should be "weight of shell," not "weight of charge." With this exception, the errors are few and trifling.

WALTER H. JAMES.

THE LORD OF JOINVILLE.*

The Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville inevitably suggest comparison—his day with ours. Something surely was abroad in the world then that seldom comes now. They seem more remote—these thirteenth-century knights and battles of his—than Greece or Rome. A kind of glamour surrounds them. They are the stuff that dreams are made of—dreams too that endure on into daylight. We peep through painted glass at them, like a child into a garden. Yet this same gross globe that we inhabit they inhabited; they braved the same sea, and came to lie at last under much the same green grass. Environment is a very serviceable word in a difficulty, whether its innermost meaning be clear or no. But, after all, it is the heart that maketh as well as knoweth its own bitterness, its own peace; they well up from within more like an immensely ancient inheritance than treasure-trove. Perhaps we are a little perplexed nowadays by noise and numbers. Men swarm so that we fail to realise that each is his own Crusoe, and so forget that doubtless in some strange island of this illimitable archipelago lodges, lives, and triumphs *the* Robinson. Distance isolates the great, annihiiates all else; so perhaps, in spite of scepticism, another Joinville may survive *us* to excite the wonder and envy of the twenty-ninth century as this Joinville ours. Still, old men of eighty who can write such a book as this must be rare, even in Utopia—a book so clear, guileless, and spirited, so personal and human. In her introduction Mrs. Wedgwood compares him with the modern popular idea of an English squire, "true to his word, firm in his justice, shrewd in business, intellectually limited." But is he not even something more than this? He has imagination, wit, a wonderful eye and ear, undisillusionable *naïveté*, and a curious suggestion of being representative of the Other-side—all things rare, and quite unpopular. Squire Beltham and the Seneschal of Champagne might conceivably hob-a-nob; but to the latter would fall the *finesse* of the evening, most of the listening, and all the curious, solitary after-thoughts. He gives us unintentional glimpses of the mind behind the talk here and there. He does not analyse his moods and emotions, but they colour his story changefully and wistfully. It is true the personality of Louis may enhance Joinville's. Their ages at the time of this first crusade are astonishing enough—thirty-two and twenty-four. They seem so intimate with life; in a friendly country; with time to be wise and gracious, seeing no need at all to fret and exclaim. The king shines serenely out over these tempestuous scenes, over these noble, brutal, fanatical personages and episodes. He has that indefinable talisman—genius. Wherefore he was entirely human, and Joinville was his Boswell; and he was a king, a veritable son of Kish, and Joinville was his leal, shrewd servant and counsellor.

What is very striking too in Joinville's narrative is not so much men's sense of life; that was keen indeed: but their easy, generous acceptance of death. They died—so a man comes in from hunting, so you take up your candle, put your glass down. Of the thousands that took the cross with Louis scarcely a twentieth returned to France. A man might weep and lament, as did "brother Hamon the master over the sailors" in a delicious shipwreck, straight from "The Tempest," but so also does a child called in at twilight from his games. Is it partly because there were saints as well as clouds in heaven in those days? Could one afford not to gesticulate on such a stage? The book shines with valour—inevitable valour. They were fearless these paladins, not as a privilege, scarcely as an obligation; it was in their weaning.

Jehan, Sire de Joinville.

(Reproduced from "The Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

Praise of the present version of the Memoirs from one who is ignorant of the original can be of little value. But if the old French resemble this new English, translation must indeed have been a delightful labour. Mrs. Wedgwood's version reveals in countless ways her enthusiasm and care. It is a record of scenes and actions and persons re-realised, reillumined by the imagination of the translator. We *are* the lord of Joinville, from the first page to the last. He renews youth. Now he is vain, now whimsical, now solemn; he is never trite, never fine nor foolish. All that is left of a boy in one's heart goes out to him for his unspeakable eels, his heaven-sent Saracen, his giraffe of crystal, coloured with divers sorts of crystal and sprigged with amber; for his poor maroon with but three bags of biscuits betwixt him and eternity; for his clerk that went off in his shirt to his house after being waylaid by three robbers, "and took his crossbow and made a child carry his falchion," and by moonlight pursued and slew all three. It is one of Velasquez' children! Where else shall we survey a queen's great medieval headdress blazing in darkness on a calm sea? Where else (out of Coleridge) hear the horns of the three musicians of Armenia "whose music was like the voice of swans leaving the pool"? where else (out of the "Arabian Nights") encounter that unique Sultan who in witty magnanimity melted his gold into jars and broke the bullion out for all the world to gloat on? If Mr. Rockefeller only would!

"Whilst the King was hearing his grace, I walked up to an iron-barred window, that was in a recess by the head of the King's bed, and stood with my arms thrust through the window-bars, thinking . . . and as I was standing there, the King came and leant over my shoulder and placed both his hands upon my head. And I thought that it was Lord Philip of Annemoes, who had plagued me enough that day, because of the advice I had given the King; and I said: 'Leave me in peace, Lord Philip!' By mishap, as I jerked my head, the King's hand slipped down over my face, and I recognised the King by an emerald that he wore on his finger. And he said to me: 'Keep still; for I wish to ask you

* "The Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville." A new English version by Ethel Wedgwood. (John Murray.)

how you could make so bold—a young man like you—as to venture to advise me to stay here, in opposition to all the great men and wise men of France, who advise me to go away?'" How much is told in that, and with what grace and ease! It is evening surely; one feels the twilight and the mood, all the sadness, love, and courage.

To quote is simply to double the pleasure of reading and one long temptation from beginning to end. It is a book of riches: artlessness, braggadochio, poetry—Joinville had all and scarcely knew it, not even when he was eighty. We hold secure our English heroes beyond count of finger and thumb. Here live again long-dead Frenchmen in a green valley of Valhalla.

"By this time the good Count of Soissons was beginning to joke with me and to say: 'Seneschal, let these hounds yelp; for, by God's head cloth! (which was his favourite oath) we shall yet talk over this day in the ladies' bowers.'"

"They fled in a panic over the little bridge of which I spoke; and not one of them could we persuade to make a stand beside us. I could very well tell you some of their names; but shall refrain, because they are dead."

Perhaps in Japan *our* Joinville rests from fighting. Peace indeed be to his pen! WALTER DE LA MARE.

AN ENGLISH EPIC.*

Probably each age produces the type of poetry that it needs and admires; and even all the graceful beauty of Mr. Alfred Noyes's volume fails to persuade a critic who, it may be said, is only too deeply anxious to welcome an artistic appeal to the age, in whatever form it may come, that the spirit of the day is on the look-out for epics.

Moreover, Mr. Noyes does not persuade the critic that he is an epic poet. The volume before us is the work of a real poet: it is not the work of a cultured intellect, with a taste for phrases and metres; it is not the work of a man of artistic impulses, who has hesitatingly chosen the medium of words for his form of expression. No, Mr. Noyes's book is the book of a man in whose mind poetic emotion really fuses phrase and word into the true metal. And thus he is one of the figures, so strangely pathetic at the present day, when the air is so full of literary experiments—a man of real poetical power and high literary accomplishment, considerably greater than fell to the lot of several of those classical worthies of English literature, who have been hall-marked

The "Golden Hynde."

(Reproduced from "Drake, an English Epic." Books I-III, by kind permission of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.)

poets, and dispatched in due form to our Parnassus, simply because poetry interested the critics of the last century more than it does now, and there was less material to select from.

But the reading of Mr. Noyes's book confirms us in the belief that Mr. Noyes has here not chosen his right medium. He is, we believe, a lyrist—and as lyrical poetry is now the only kind of poetry that gets a hearing, the only kind of poetry that people have time to read, indeed, we cannot but regret that Mr. Noyes leaves his flute in order to blow the bassoon. Now we are not saying that he does not write excellent poetry; the volume before us is full of it. But the quality of it is lyrical. It seems to us that Mr. Noyes's dramatic and constructive sense is at fault. The figures have no consistent verisimilitude; the dialogue is not convincing. The book is rather like a gallery of pictures, with, let us add, a not very effective wall-paper in the spaces. It is a bundle of episodes, a sheaf of flowers. It has not got the big vital centrality, whatever it may be and however achieved—as it was achieved by Homer, Vergil, Dante, and Milton. An epic ought to have a vast, remote heart of its own, the vibration of which ought to be felt in every smallest vein. But in Mr. Noyes's work, the similes, for instance, are like flowers stuck in button-holes; they are often very beautiful, sometimes amazingly beautiful—but they are not like the flowers on the tree, living, breathing flowers, as they are, or as they seem to be, in Homer and even in Milton. The life does not flow in and out of them; the connections between the spaces are hard and dry. An epic ought to be pre-eminently a narrative; it ought to interest you in the adventures, or, if that is too amateurish a word, in the evolution of a soul. But it is impossible for the reader—it may not be so with all readers, and we hope it is not—to feel the vitality of Drake, or the vitality of the rich life through which he passes. Of course, it is difficult to prove a case by quotation in a short review; but let the reader study the following. Here is Mr. Noyes, the lyrist:—

> "The splendid poop,
> Mistily lustrous as a dragon's hoard
> Seen in some magic cave-mouth o'er the sea,
> Through shimmering April sunlight after rain,
> Blazed to the morning.

And again:—

> "For through a mighty zone of golden haze,
> Blotting the purple of the gathering night,
> A galleon like a floating mountain moved
> To meet them, clad with sunset and with dreams.
> Her mast and spars immense in jewelled mist
> Shimmered: her rigging like an emerald web
> Of golden spiders, tangled half the stars!
> Embodied sunset, dragging the soft sky
> O'er dazzled ocean, through the night she drew
> Out of the unknown lands."

We do not know what other critics may call that kind of writing, but to us it is extraordinarily beautiful; it has the golden richness of a picture, a headland seen over a blue sea in a quiet morning hour, with the oncoming sun just touching the freshness into warmth. It seems to us to be art, and great art.

But then Mr. Noyes has got somehow to get his golden pictures connected; and this is how it is done:—

> "In the first,
> The *Golden Hynde*, a ship of eighteen guns,
> Drake sailed; John Wynter, a Queen's captain, next
> Brought out the *Elizabeth*, a stout new ship
> Of sixteen guns. The pinnance *Christopher*
> Came next, in staunch command of old Tom Moone."

No one can say that the life-blood has flowed into that, or that the metal has fused.

Neither is Mr. Noyes good in his dramatic episodes. Take the incident of the shoal of pretty hussies, swimming Nymphs, that came off, bare and brown of limb, to meet the ship. Drake scolds them off. A boy, the terrible "pale-faced 'prentice" of romance, feebly asks why. Tom Moone replies:—

> "Because our Captain is no pink-eyed boy
> Nor soft-limbed Spaniard, but a staunch-souled man,
> Full-blooded: nerved like iron; with a girl
> He loves at home in Devon; and a mind
> For ever bent upon some mighty goal. . . . ."

And so on, like an Extension Lecturer. One feels that what-

* "Drake—an English Epic." Books i.—iii. By Alfred Noyes. 173 pp. 6s. net. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

ever Moone said, he did not say that; and he probably behaved much more like the old Moses in *The Pilgrim's Progress*—"it was but a word and a blow, for he knocked me down."

But we did not set out to blame or to make railing accusations. We knew from Mr. Noyes's early work, and we are assured by this work, that he is a poet. But we are equally persuaded by both earlier and later work that he is a lyrical poet, and we wish him to devote himself to his lyrics.

On the other hand, he has also a fine vein of realism, which seems to open up further possibilities. The fine passage, too long to quote, containing the reminiscence of the man who had been tortured, produces a very strong physical sensation; and it is nobly phrased, too. Indeed, we will welcome Mr. Noyes's work, in any form; but we welcome him more spontaneously as a lyrical singer—the lyrical songs in the present volume set the hand tapping and the heart beating; and what could one say more?

A PROSPEROUS SCIENTIST.*

To be a prosperous scientist would seem the most desirable of earthly destinies. Judging from this autobiography of Sir Henry Roscoe's, it brings with it the blessings of health, happiness, contentment, many friends, few disturbing thoughts, the applause of contemporaries, and a comforting self-confidence in work well done and appreciated. For that, amongst other reasons, the book is most entertaining. Those of us who are not prosperous like to contemplate the prosperity of others—when it is not planted too near our own doors.

The autobiographies and biographies of successful scientists are, I think, more heartening than those of successful literary men. Both are the records of investigation among the mysteries of Nature, but material exploration appears to satisfy a man much more than mental exploration. Goodness knows why! Impossible as it may be for your poet and novelist, who deal each in his way with the mind of man and its relation to the material and mysterious world around, to arrive at any definite conclusions regarding human conduct, is it more possible for the scientist to say, "Of this natural mystery I have sounded the depths, and am quite sure my calculation is correct"? We know, on the contrary, that what strikes one generation of scientists as an ascertained fact is proved by another generation to be an illusion. Yet the scientist adopts a demeanour of assurance while the humanist groans over his ignorance. Or is it that the scientist has not learnt the melancholy art of setting forth his doubts and scruples?

Anyway, Sir Henry Roscoe does not worry his readers with grisly observations and forebodings. He gives no hint that he was ever confronted with the Everlasting No, or had to struggle to reach a Centre of Indifference. Rather would one gather from his pleasant pages that the Everlasting Yea has been his life's companion, trotting amiably by his side from youth to old age. If it be reticence, let us, in an age of dismal books, cheer it three times three. If it be mere optimism founded on a substantial career, we may with equal reason congratulate the recipient of so excellent an experience.

Sir Henry made his choice of a calling without much delay. Though the grandson of the historian of the Italian Renaissance, he did not allow himself to be seduced by literature. He "soon made up his mind to follow chemistry, much to the astonishment and even desires of some of my friends and relations, who asked me if I intended to open a shop with red and blue glass bottles in the window." A child of Liverpool, he absorbed what scientific teaching that city could provide him, and then came to London, but discovered before he reached twenty that Germany was the place for ambitious young men of science. It was probably fortunate for him that, during his period of study in London, he should have had enough faith in the future to refuse the post of Assayer at the Sydney Mint, which was worth between six and seven hundred a year, and must have been very golden in promise to a youth; more fortunate still that he should have failed to secure a tutorship in the Royal household. The preceptor of princes does not languish unrewarded, but we gather from Sir Henry's story that nothing could have been an efficient substitute for the glorious days of work and play, of friendship and inspiration, which he spent in Heidelberg.

Photo Elliott and Fry. **Sir Henry E. Roscoe.**

This portrait appears as the frontispiece to "The Life and Experiences of Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe."

To the general reader nothing he has to say surpasses in interest his portraits of the great Germans—Germans either by birth or by scientific adoption—and the picture of pure zeal in the pursuit of knowledge which is set in the Heidelberg frame. Chief among these heroes was R. W. Bunsen. Not the Chevalier Bunsen! A lady once made the mistake of confusing him with that namesake. Had he not yet finished his great work on "God and History"? she asked. "Alas! no, madam," was his reply; "my untimely death prevented me from completing my task."

It was Bunsen too—this ready-witted Bunsen—who was led by absent-mindedness into positions as ridiculous as any related of errant bookworm or scientist. One of his worst lapses came of a fondness for ombre. He was in the habit of playing at the house of a certain Frau Geheimräthin Schultz, and being bidden there one evening, had his evening clothes brushed and laid out ready. But the next morning his servant found they had not been worn. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Bunsen on being reminded of his engagement, "I forgot all about it," and after ruminating with a cigar in his mouth and his head on the pillow, added: "I know what I'll do." In the evening he put on the dress clothes and went to the house as if it were the day for which he had been invited. "The Frau Geheimräthin, much too polite to tell him that he had mistaken the evening, and

* "The Life and Experiences of Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S." Written by Himself. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

that the party had taken place on the previous night, sent out to her friends to say Professor Bunsen had arrived unexpectedly, and would they come in to play a rubber again? And so the party was made up. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on absent-mindedness, and Bunsen began to tell them what had happened to him a long time ago—how that he had forgotten an invitation, and how he had made up his mind to go the next night; and thus he told the party the whole story, forgetting altogether that he was giving them an account of what was happening at the moment!"

There is no jealousy, no paltry criticism of fellow-delvers in the mine of science, to be found in Sir Henry's reminiscences. Of his teachers in London he is appreciative, and sometimes amusing in his account of their idiosyncrasies; while of Bunsen and Kirchoff, Helmholtz, Berthelot, Pasteur, and many others, he never speaks save in terms of praise. In his references to Joüle, the great Manchester physicist and experimentalist, he grows most enthusiastic, however, and becomes more than a little indignant—for so placid a writer—on contrasting the Darwin and Joüle memorials in Westminster Abbey, those "simple and unattractive acknowledgments of work done, the like of which hath not been seen and the importance of which cannot be reckoned," with the "grandiose monuments to political, naval, and military nonentities."

For Joüle as a great scientist Sir Henry Roscoe has naturally a deep respect, but some little of his enthusiasm and indignation may be due to Joüle's connection with Manchester. For nobody interested in modern science and scientific teaching can forget that many of the best years of Sir Henry's own life—twenty-eight, to be exact—were spent as Professor of Chemistry at Owens College. The high quality and the wide extent of his scientific teaching, together with his energy in the furtherance of what he would call practical education, forms perhaps his best claim to grateful remembrance. By pen and word of mouth, by example and precept, on public platforms, on Royal Commissions, and in Parliament, he has urged the value of science as an element of sound education. Prosperous indeed has been his campaign, though obviously not so prosperous as he could wish. He has seen science elevated from contemned corners of public school and university curricula to a place which is at least honourable, if not so distinguished as it should be. The rise and progress of modern universities like Birmingham and Sheffield—the striking development of Owens College from a small foundation, threatened (according to the public view) with extinction, to the stately institution which has sent, and is sending, hundreds of capable and earnest workers to till the fields of knowledge—must rank high among the rewards the world has given him.

It is not a small thing to have played such a part in the history of education, and one can imagine that amid all the tributes which came to Sir Henry on the celebration of a jubilee of his graduation at Heidelberg—a celebration of which he speaks with pardonable pride—none were more welcome than those which testified to the wide limits of his educational influence. Good work is not often so well honoured as Sir Henry Roscoe's has been. When I look at the photograph of his delightful country house in Surrey, placed towards the end of this volume, I feel an almost personal gratification at the condescension of my country in rewarding a purely scientific benefactor so handsomely.

THOMAS LLOYD.

THE SHADOW OF MONISM.*

"What is it all about?" How few English readers put such a question to themselves when they take up a novel! Children as regards ideas, they want a story; by preference a love story; and in spite of their Bible, they seldom look for the meaning which parables hold within. Here, for example, is a sort of allegory, glancing to and fro as a spark among reeds, at incidents, ideas, dreams, quite modern in their date, but the point of view is ancient, almost esoteric. As a tale, the book is disappointing; as a symptom of the unrest now betraying itself in all classes by an excitement which takes many forms, it deserves to be noticed. The characters, if we leave out Mr. Hirsch the Hebrew, are Western; the philosophy, from which a singular dénoûment has been elaborated, is Indian, more or less according to Buddha, and is meant, it would appear, seriously. Will readers grasp all that?

Editions and advertisements have made Mrs. Steele known as perhaps the most remarkable woman that ever wrote about India. She has energy, courage, well-chosen words, a sense of the picturesque, and she draws her lines firmly. Must we also note a certain passionate dislike for Christian, or quasi-Christian, ideas and their incarnations? An occasional freedom of phrase, not granted to the mere man? Contempt, likewise, for classical learning, which leads her to talk of "Diana sprung from Jove's brain," as well as to correct Descartes' aphorism into such words as these, "Ergo sum, cogito,"—and other odd anticipations of that which will come to pass when women write all our books? Yet in the shadow of Nirvana what does learning signify?

Nirvana sought and found is the "sovereign remedy"—a punning title—for our Western disease of wealth. By juxtaposition the moral is driven home. Two men who are namesakes, called Ted and Ned to distinguish them, one a workhouse relict, the other Lord Blackborough and enormously rich, play, as we might suppose, the noble and ignoble parts. The foundling grows into a man of business; the peer becomes a saint of poverty and is a martyr to renunciation. Both fall in love with Aura, the beautiful granddaughter of Sylvanus Smith, a Socialist, who will not touch money, but pays his bills by cheques, to his tradesmen's entire satisfaction. Aura lives in a cottage near Dinas, and the Welsh landscape is prettily given; the Cornish too, when it is wanted. An underplot, severe on all concerned, depicts in somewhat odious colours the Welsh revival, so that we may expect a large circulation for this attack upon it in the Principality. One would like to know the motives which have given so trenchant an edge to Mrs. Steele's language. It cannot be that she detests the mystical rapture; is not her own preaching a means to procure it in another style?

Aura Graham ought, in the logic of romance, to accept Lord Blackborough and reject Ted Cruttenden. She does exactly the opposite. Why? Because of Nirvana. The two enthusiasts, eager to transcend earthly love—or the lady, at all events—cannot go the human way. They part; the wedding which follows with Ned's rival shows a vulgar seam; and the discarded hero comes back to fill a position by no means light or easy. Virtue, indeed, wins the prize; but there is a tangle which the story-teller cuts by introducing a motor-car and a precipice, and so the curtain falls. Lord Blackborough in dying had "realised with a rush that He was All Things and that All Things were in Him." The capitals in this astonishing pronouncement belong to the author. They yield the quintessence of her book.

Often, as we know, the young Catholic girl has put aside marriage, like St. Agnes, in obedience to a higher call. Was there ever in Wales an Aura corresponding to Mrs. Steele's portrait? The bride of Nothingness? Shall we yet behold the daughters of Socialism vowing themselves to Nirvana? And, really, have we come to the end of Christian truth? Or only to the horizon which bounds Welsh Calvinism? For the two things may not be quite the same.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "A Sovereign Remedy." By Flora Annie Steele. 6s. (Heinemann.)

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW.*

Turning from much aggressively modern fiction to this story of "Joseph Vance," one has a feeling that Mr. William De Morgan is either a literary Rip Van Winkle, who, just wakened from long slumbers into a generation that is unknown to him, is still inspired by the obsolete ideals that were popular before he went to sleep; or else he is simply so much more up-to-date than his contemporaries that he has abandoned the familiar patterns of yesterday, and reverted to a manner of writing that is now old enough to be refreshingly new again.

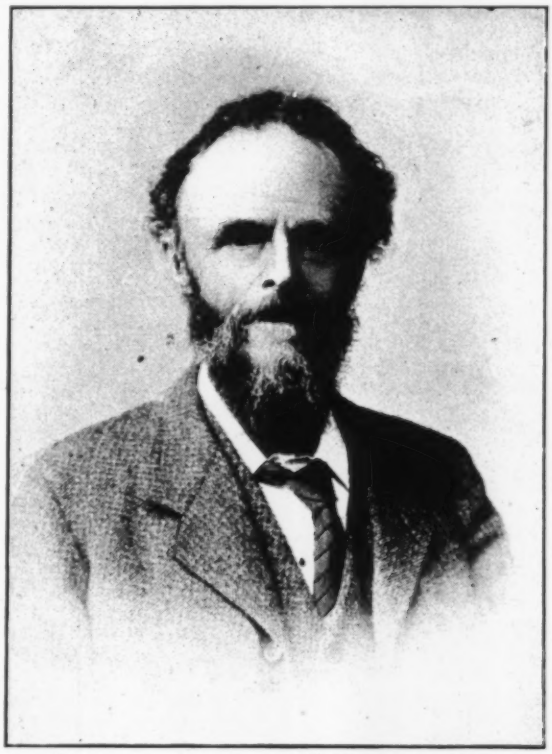
Analyse his style, and you shall find it touched with bewilderingly elusive suggestions of Defoe, Sterne, Dickens, Thackeray, but so strongly individual that you cannot say he has chosen any one of these for his master. He has something of the same largeness of theme that distinguishes their

* "Joseph Vance." By William De Morgan. 6s. (Heinemann.)

work, and the same large and leisurely handling of it, the same looseness of plot, and a general carelessness of construction that is doubtless more apparent than real; for though you are irritated at times by the author's inexorable minuteness of detail, you cannot but realise, in the end, that it is to this very minuteness that the grip and astonishing effectiveness of the book is mainly owing. It is not fashioned out of a single dramatic episode, it is a veritable life-story—it is essentially a novel of character, and your interest in it depends on the extent to which you are interested in the people with whom it brings you in contact.

"An ill-written autobiography," Mr. De Morgan modestly calls it, but though the narrative is pieced out with long extracts from letters, anticipates or reverts to events instead of always recording them in due sequence, and gives as much prominence to its minor as to its leading incidents and characters, that is merely because it aims at effects which are not to be gained by conforming to the nice art of the briefer and brisker latter-day novel.

Even in his chapter headings Mr. De Morgan adheres to the efflorescent and less obviously business-like conventions of an earlier age, as thus—at the top of his first chapter—"Of Joe Vance's Father and his unfortunate habits. How he quarrelled with a Sweep who could butt; and suffered thereby. How Joe concealed this circumstance from his Mother." This quarrel with the sweep marks a turning point in Christopher Vance's fortunes; he is laid up with his injuries, and at last, when his benefit society threatens to discontinue its payments, he sensibly recovers, and, looking about for a new start, has a happy idea. The idea comes with the appearance at his gate of a little man who wants to borrow a piece of wire to clean his pipe out. The little man is pushing a truck laden with old ironware and miscellaneous odds and ends, and acceding to his invitation, Mr. Vance inspects the stock, and, after a lot of bargaining, purchases a small board, on which is painted, "C. Dance, Builder. Repairs. Drains promptly attended to." Having had the inscription altered by one letter, so that it reads "C. Vance," he sets up as a master-builder, and the way in which the sight of the board over his door helps his reputation by giving rise to a universal conviction that it has been there and he has been in business for himself for years, is very amusingly developed. Mr. Vance's theory is that everybody understands drains, and it is not necessary for a builder to know anything of building, and he demonstrates this theory so astutely and amid such plausibility of circumstance, that his triumphant progress reads like a cynically but divertingly truthful narration of every-day facts.



William de Morgan.
Author of "Joseph Vance."

Not that Mr. Vance's rise to affluence is the chief interest of the book. For his first "job," involving an overhauling of drains for a certain Dr. Thorpe, he ingeniously secures the assistance of a man of experience, and lets his son Joe, a boy of eight, accompany him to the house, where Lossie Thorpe, seven years the boy's senior, takes a fancy to him, and he is allowed to play with her small brother, is introduced to a supercilious elder sister, and to a deaf but aristocratic aunt, who is glimpsed on a memorable occasion wearing "a dim, remote, genteel air, with her eyes half closed behind her spectacles, and looking as if she was Debrett's aunt at least."

Young Joe owes a great deal to the Thorpe family. With the aid of Dr. Thorpe he is sent ultimately to Oxford, and, by the time he is twenty, his boyish adoration of the breezy, sagacious, exquisitely winsome Lossie has blossomed into passionate love, and her marriage plunges him into despair. He has another love episode presently, but the old, romantic attachment to Lossie is a shaping influence of his life, and it is the darkest sorrow of his later years that she is misled into a sinister misunderstanding of him which, for the sake of her happiness, he refrains from correcting. The story is made up of accidents and casual incidents as the average actual life always is; things do not invariably fall out as the reader might wish them to, there is no artistically plotted procession of events to an inevitable end—the whole thing is just raw life, with its ragged edges untrimmed, its ugly spots ungarnished, its beauty and sweetness looking the sweeter and more beautiful because they are not artificially touched up, but are allowed only the value that is inherent in them or that they gain from contrast with their natural, unideal surroundings. The book has pathos and humour without straining after either; its men and women are realised with an absolutely flesh-and-blood life-likeness, and the unique atmosphere of their mid-Victorian era is recaptured with a cunning and fidelity that are altogether remarkable. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

MISS CORELLI'S NEW NOVEL.*

Just as old Fletcher of Saltoun declared that if he could make the ballads of a people he cared not who made their laws, Miss Corelli has said, in effect, that so long as she can make the literature of the people, she doesn't care who makes their criticism. She treats the critics very cavalierly indeed. No copies of her books are sent to them, so if they are conscientious in the discharge of their duty to the public they have to buy their own copies; yet in spite of this serious provocation most of them are nobly impartial enough to praise Miss Corelli's work freely, even as I am going to.

I am going to praise it because I have found it worth my money. It fulfils the first and most urgent duty of a novel in having a good story to tell, and telling it interestingly. Incidentally, Miss Corelli indulges in some straight and hard hitting at her pet aversions; the narrative supplies openings for doing so, and she does not fail to make effective use of them; incidentally, also, she touches in some excellent descriptive passages—there is one at the opening, an impressionistic sketch of London by night; there is later, for contrast, a vivid and delicate picture of a leafy Somersetshire lane in the warm glow of a midsummer afternoon; the scenes and dramatic interludes in the "Trusty Man" inn, again, are movingly and realistically described.

But, as everybody knows by now, Miss Corelli does not pretend to be a realist; she is essentially a romancist. She does not show you in her pages a series of severely accurate photographs, such as could be written by any unimaginative person who had about as much skill as is required to manipulate a camera; she prefers to paint life as she sees it by the light of her own individual and imaginative temperament, and it is this strongly individual tone, this temperamental colouring, that gives her books an especial charm and a power that either attracts the reader irresistibly or irritates and repels him. There is no middle effect. Other novelists

* "The Treasure of Heaven." By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Constable.)

have readers who are contented to peruse them with a comfortable lukewarm interest and admiration; it is Miss Corelli's enviable distinction that the public is in no manner of doubt about her: it either reads her work with a keen and whole-hearted delight, or is exasperated by contact with her forceful and assertive personality and will not read her at all.

It is no common power, this, that can provoke the mass of people into making up their minds definitely, one way or the other; most of us cannot really think for ourselves or form any actual opinions at all till we are brought into touch with some special circumstance or influence that startles us out of our mental lethargy and compels us to reflect and decide. Miss Corelli wields this influence, and I believe the secret of her phenomenal success is that instead of merely aiming at the dazzle of pretty phrases and the glitter of exquisite but empty words, she has a philosophy of life and an ideal of conduct, and presents these always in fullest sincerity and with the passionate earnestness of profound conviction. "The Treasure of Heaven" is, as its sub-title indicates, a "Romance of Riches." It is a luminously simple and entirely interesting parable, illustrating how little it profits a man to gain the whole world if he loses his own soul. At the outset, David Helmsley, the multi-millionaire, lonely, unloved, unsatisfied, has lost belief in God and man, and finds no happiness or comfort whatever in his unlimited riches. He is wistful of the days before he became submerged in sordid cares and ambitions; he remembers old ecstasies that visited him when he was still sensitive to pure and spiritual impulses; and he sees with a terrible clearness that whilst he had seemed to be gaining everything that man could desire, he had in reality been losing all that was worth the keeping.

He has scarcely a friend except those who are drawn to him by the magnetic attraction of his wealth; and a final disillusion drives him out of London, disgusted and in despair. He adroitly covers his tracks, so that nobody wonders at his absence, and, dressed in rags, a haggard, pathetically wretched old man, hungering for the common affection that the poorest of human beings will extend to one another, he tramps through the green country to see if anyone, believing him broken and penniless, will feel compassion for him and show him friendship out of mere disinterested personal regard. The story of his quest is related with a variety of incident and circumstance, of humour and pathos, of comedy and tragedy, that carry the reader forward expectantly and grip his attention to the last. As one of the poor, Helmsley meets with a welcome and good-fellowship from the poor wherever he travels amongst them; and in one, a beautiful, middle-aged working woman, whose late-blossoming love for an impecunious journalist he helps to a happy close, he inspires a large-souled, pitying affection that differs from the mean, mercenary love of the girl protégée whose heartless, shallow schemings had driven him from London as the noonday differs from the night.

"I have spent nearly a year of almost perfect happiness away from London and all the haunts of London men," he writes to his lawyer, a little before the end, "and I have found what I sought, but what you probably doubted I could ever find—Love! The treasures of earth I possess and have seldom enjoyed; but the treasure of heaven—that pure, disinterested, tender affection, which bears the stress of poverty, sickness, and all other kindred ills—I never had till now. And now the restless craving of my soul is pacified. I am happy—moreover, I am perfectly at ease as regards the disposal of my wealth when I am gone. . . ."

It is an imaginative and poignant romance, written thoughtfully and with deep feeling; it is certain to be as widely popular as any novel Miss Corelli has yet written, and deserves to be.

THE DAWN IN BRITAIN.*

Six months ago the first two volumes of this poem were published. Some critics thought that they were full of great poetry; others were puzzled, and respectful or derisive according to their conceit; one affirmed truthfully that the poet's style was not telegraphic, which is true also of Keats's and Shakespeare's. And it must be admitted that the poem is as puzzling on account of its language as, in their day, were Spenser, Burns, Chatterton, and Browning, to ears of the usual length; and that perhaps it is the most surprising poem, superficially, that has been published for many years by a sane man. But, after all, a poet's medium is never a simple matter, and when they come to connect it with its effects, even the most ingenious and patient of critics will differ. We can swear that any verse by Keats in his best period is beautiful, and more beautiful than anything, *e.g.*, by Pope; and it is likely that the gods approve our discrimination, but who is to prove it? Perhaps when poetry has ceased to exist, a surviving Teuton may reveal, in twelve volumes quarto, the secret of "Kubla Khan" and "The Defence of Guenevere." But we cannot wait for that. Let us be sure of our impressions, let us enjoy them, not troubling ourselves overmuch about their origins. And certainly if we take this course, there will be little doubt about the value of Mr. Doughty's poetry. If we cease to wish vainly that he had written like everybody else—though what poet has done so?—if we cease to exclaim, If he had Spenser's style, alas! for Spenser—we shall find an extraordinary large field of enjoyment in the four volumes so far published.

The first two were full of the beauty of fresh, untamed landscape, of delicate smokeless springs and fierce, glittering winters; of the abundant, unorganised, audacious, troublous life of barbaric tribes in Britain and Gaul; of noble-hearted, large-limbed leaders of men, and beautiful, devoted women; of the love of youths and mothers and girls; of great movements like the Celtic invasion of Italy and taking of Rome; of history, chronicles, archæology, vitalised by large sympathies, imagination and a splendid gift of words. Such were these elements in the book that, setting aside the insoluble question of diction, and judging only by effect, the poem could be compared with all but the greatest work, without much hardihood.

The first eight books (Vols. I. and II.) took us from the conquests of Brennus and his successors down to the landing of Joseph of Arimathæa in Britain. Their manner might fairly be called epic, in spite of a lack of exact continuity and of a classically precise theme. They differed from the classical epics conspicuously in nothing but their vaster and less concentrated range, as might be expected from the barbaric subject and the poet's position in an age of science, of history, of opera. The next eight books now before us cover a short period. Joseph and his saints are taken to a refuge at Avalon; the British and Irish tribes are roused for defence against a Roman invasion; Aulus Plautius lands and takes Calleva and Verulam, and wins a great battle with Caratacus before Camulodunum. Here, Mr. Doughty rises to the same height as before and as often. He reveals the same very diverse qualities, the same style, that terse, vivid, but slow and peculiar style which is to be found, in its infancy, in his wonderful book of travels, "Arabia Deserta." In the first place, these eight books give such a deeply-cut picture of a noble, barbaric race of men and women under arms in a fair land, as is by itself enough to place Mr. Doughty in the front rank. No historian, not all the historians together, can be reasonably held to compete with him in vitality, splendour, clearness, and comprehensiveness. The battle scenes, in their beauty of strength and pride and vigour, in their terror of ferocity and confusion and death, in their foulness of carved and ripped and shattered bodies, are only to be compared with those of the greatest poets and historians. In the second place, there is an interlude describing the love of a young priestess for a prince, shipwrecked upon her island, which is unique for its tenderness, sweetness, and dignity. Esla, the priestess, seems to me to be fit company for Miranda and Pastorella and Imogen. In the third place, there are the many portraits of bards, warriors, princesses, the songs of the bards, the brief touches of pathos, of joy, of the beauty of men and women and dresses and horses and chariots and summer mornings and nights, and the hideous night fears of the poor Emperor Claudius before Camulodune.

But as an example of Mr. Doughty's style, I will quote, not a particularly beautiful passage, lest I should do an injustice unawares, but a few lines in the ordinary course of his narrative (Vol. IV., p. 151):—

"First of the Northern powers, from Camulus' walls,
In blue emailléd cart, with gilded moons,
Drawn of white steeds, is Cartismandua seen.
In proud career, o'er her steeds' flying croups,
She shakes the reins and lifts bright ivory whip.

* "The Dawn in Britain." By Charles M. Doughty. 2 vols. 9s. net. (Duckworth and Co.)

Her famous wind-born steeds, whose horny hooves,
Glittering, with plate of gold, spurn the wild clod;
Come fleckt with foam, as whiteness of sea flood;
And follows her, bright train of steeds and chariots.
Is like to changeful rainbow, this queen's weed.
She nighing now the town, the royal morion,
Which shone on her fair head, for heat, hath doffed:
Whence loosed, that sunbeams seem, her amber locks
Flow backward in the wind. Is this queen's countenance,
Hardy and free; manlike in her mailéd stature.
To look, in her steep eyes, were deadly feast!"

Finally, though it must be granted that Mr. Doughty's syntax is almost always as difficult and unusual as the most classical parts of "Paradise Lost," and that his vocabulary is an astonishing and troublesome composition, yet, after an hour's study, they offer no impediment to the reader's delight in the brevity, the melody, and other unprose-like qualities of poetry which this epic has. It is much to be hoped that neither ridicule nor praise will rob us of the books which are to complete the poem. EDWARD THOMAS.

RELIGIONS FOR THE POCKET.*

These four volumes recently issued by Messrs. Constable begin a series which is not, indeed, the first to deal briefly with what Maurice Hewlett has called the greatest of all the arts; but it promises to be undoubtedly the best. They have nothing in common with those baneful little books which offer the idle man certain scraps of information at a minimum of trouble. Rather are they to be regarded as prefaces for those who wish to follow the subtleties of any particular religion—prefaces which offer a foothold, often so difficult to find in more elaborate works; or they may be taken as authoritative, if short, statements for the serious but busy reader, to whom there is *nec mens nec spatium* to wade deeply into such time-exacting matters, while the specialist will find those volumes which deal with religions he is not directly interested in of great value for comparative purposes. Each book is the work of an expert. Thus glancing down the prospective list we note that Professor Rhys Davids is writing on Buddhism, Professor Haddon on Fetishism and Magic, and Professor Flinders Petrie on Egyptian Religion; while the four numbers under consideration are eloquent from their title pages.

It is appropriate that Mr. Clodd's study of animism should be one of the first published, dealing as it does with the very root of the matter. It marks an advance on previous books concerned with the subject, in that it traces the germ of religious belief not in man at his lowest but even in the higher forms of animals, pursuing evolution to its logical conclusion. Every religion has its origin in fear, the fear of the inexplicable. Carlyle says that worship is transcendent wonder. Wonder, awe, fear: they are terms almost interchangeable.

Like Huxley before him, Mr. Clodd is man of letters as well as scientist. He is gifted with a graceful style and a wide choice of quotation. Starting with an application of the known facts of physical and intellectual evolution to our spiritual parts, he shows the birth of naturalism, its development into animism and the gradual specialisation of the latter in tree-worship, water-worship, and the like. Separate sections are devoted to the more important forms of these localised worships, while the deification of ancestors, which plays so large a part in all primitive belief, is dealt with at some length.

Miss Jane Harrison's book is, as the author states, an inquiry into the nature of Greek religion, and is on the lines of her "Prolegomena." In the first place she deals with the Olympian gods at proportionately greater length than in her larger work. She shows how the gods of Homer came down from the north with Teutonic invaders. They occupied but a superficial place above the older Pelasgian deities. The cult of these latter was in strong contradistinction to the sunny service of the Homeric Olympians. Ceremonies of aversion, treating the gods as maleficent spirits to be placated, were its characteristics: for man is apt to take the good side of life for granted; it is only when things go wrong that he sets about looking for supernatural causes. In the seventh and sixth centuries the mysterious cults of Dionysus and Orpheus were introduced from Crete or Thrace. These, superimposed on the early Pelasgian beliefs, represent the true religion of Greece, and formed the basis of the reasoning of the great philosophers. A short bibliography is appended to this as to all the other volumes in the series. One is struck by the little that has been written in this direction. Miss Harrison's own "Prolegomena" is the only serious contribution in English, and that only deals with a part of the subject.

Mr. Allanson Picton is not a mere historian or commentator; he has assumed the rôle of evangelist of pantheism. Indeed, it would be difficult to treat from a purely historical point of view this intangible subject, hovering elusively between religion and philosophy. Mr. Picton has given an admirable exposition of the gospel of Spinoza, though his enthusiasm has led him to find pantheism in rather doubtful places.

In "Religions of Ancient China," Professor Giles gives a succinct account of the beliefs of the immemorial empire. The book is divided into five sections: The Ancient Faith, Confucianism, Taoism, Materialism, Buddhism and other Religions. It is worthy of its company. And the series, when complete, will form a valuable cyclopædia of religions.

FRANCIS L. BICKLEY.

* "Religions Ancient and Modern: Animism," by Edward Clodd; "The Religion of Ancient Greece," by Miss Jane Harrison, LL.D.; "Pantheism: Its Story and Significance," by James Allanson Picton; "Religions of Ancient China," by Professor Herbert A. Giles, LL.D. 1s. net each. (Constable.)

The Bookman's Table.

STAPLE INN. By E. Williams, F.R.G.S. 5s. net. (Constable.)

Of the few old London Inns that have survived the ravages of time and still have their place in our modern world, none is more picturesque in appearance or more generally interesting than Staple Inn, and it was a happy ambition that led Mr. Williams to search in its ancient records and elsewhere for "fuller light on the origin of Staple Inn" and for "fresh facts and suggestions as to its history." He traces its history back through the days when it was an Inn of Chancery to the earlier times when it was a Wool Court and a Customs House, as its name implies, and comes to the conclusion that "six hundred years ago Staple Inn was a collection of tenements inclosing 'a place of ground' as it does to-day," and that "here the custom was levied upon goods coming from the west, and that here they were weighed and troned." For the more thorough fulfilment of his purpose, Mr. Williams carefully and skilfully reconstructs all the mediæval surroundings of the Inn, and revives and reinvests it with its old associations, and the story of the Manor of Holborn, and of the great houses and estates that lay adjacent to it, just outside the walls of the City, contains some welcome and very valuable additions to our archæological lore. It is a fascinating study, and Mr. Williams has treated it so exhaustively that he can scarcely have left any gleanings for later workers in the same field. There are several excellent sketches and full-page drawings of the Inn and its hall by Miss Scott and Paul Waterhouse, and a map showing the neighbourhood of Staple Inn in 1313.

FISHERMEN'S WEATHER. By F. G. Aflalo. With Eight Full-page Illustrations in Colour by Charles Whymper. 7s. 6d. net. (A. and C. Black.)

Let no angling reader conclude that, by consulting the pages of "Fishermen's Weather," he will find a set of atmospheric rules that will enable him to know with certainty when he will catch fish. In the making of the work Mr. Aflalo has sought the information of over a hundred well-known anglers (the majority of them people of title) as to the effect of weather on sport; and, reading the answers of his correspondents, one is forced to the conclusion that fish are to be caught in any weather. One reads of trout killed during violent thunderstorms, during weather that was calm, and in weather that could scarcely be rougher; and every angler is aware that, while the east wind is as a rule a wicked one, there are lochs (among them sublime Lochleven itself) which fish their best when the wind is in the east. What Mr. Aflalo has attempted in these pages is to collect a number of authentic cases in which the contents of the baskets have apparently been determined to a great extent by certain conditions of weather and temperature, to-

gether with some general statements of the best and worst wind, and other conditions traditionally associated with a number of well-known rivers and lochs. In the majority of cases deduction has been left to the reader. It is an odd point that very few of our angling writers have devoted much space to the effect of weather, particularly temperature, on sport; and it may be that Mr. Aflalo's ingenious compilation was prompted by Mr. W. Earl Hodgson's suggestive "Trout Fishing," in which there was a great deal concerning the effect of weather on angling sport. "Fishermen's Weather" is a brightly-made work, with many anecdotes and much that is sagacious in the way of comment; but the form does not completely appeal to us. In the Preface there is a list of the gentlemen who were good enough to show forth their opinions to the compiler, and then in the body of the book we find many passages like this:—"On some waters, however, it seems that sunshine is . . . . fatal to sport . . . . The following are cases:—For Spring salmon in Scotland generally when combined with east wind (C.E.D.), for salmon fishing in the Tay (W.O.D.), and, with white fleecy clouds, for the Aberdeenshire Dee (R.T.C.)." And so on—scores of initialled passages. To whom do the initials belong? To find out one has to refer to the Preface. But in spite of this little drawback, "Fishermen's Weather" is a piece of book-making that may well be added to the angler's library. It contains eight full-page reproductions in colour of angling scenes by Charles Whymper. They have no direct association with the reading-matter, but they add to the attractiveness of the volume, and demonstrate the ability of the publishers to secure admirable results from the "three-colour process." That Mr. Whymper is himself an angler as well as an admirable draughtsman and colourist is clear.

UNDER THE ENGLISH CROWN. By Firmin Roz. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This book gives a Frenchman's impressions of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales—not the "impressions" of the ordinary tourist, who founds for the most part on what he finds in guide-books, but impressions in which are mingled history, sight-seeing, psychology, and a sense of the picturesque. Mr. Roz does not explain why his book omits England itself; but perhaps some key to the attempted unity of his scheme is to be found in his remark that, while the formerly independent nations with which he deals have now been formed into a single complex monarchy, and ceased to be states, they have continued to be nations. "The first thing a traveller is conscious of in any one of them" (a traveller, that is, of his own perspicacity), he writes, "is the national spirit; such as soil, climate, and the vicissitudes of its destiny have made it. The very landscapes—so closely associated always with a country's history—seem to whisper of it, while behind the life of to-day one is always conscious of its presence, invisible but undeniable. It has the charm indeed of some mysterious and veiled figure, which lures us through the desire to penetrate its secret." The foregoing hints at the spirit in which Mr. Roz writes of Scotland, Ireland and Wales may unfortunately give the impression that his book will prove somewhat dry reading, the psychological element predominating. Assuredly this is not so. While Mr. Roz has his own apt psychological (but easily understood) digressions on the "spirit" of the countries of which he writes with so much elegance, he makes a book that is bright from start to finish—a book that is noteworthy chiefly for freshness, a book that gives new points of view about the countries, even to those who dwell in them and have dwelt in them all their lives. Mr. Roz has nothing in common with the late Paul Blouet, who, under a seeming cloak of friendship and kindliness, delivered savage attacks on the people of these islands, and, curiously enough, was well paid here for delivering lectures that were scathing impertinences regarding our domestic life and our customs generally. Mr. Roz approaches his subject sympathetically, honestly endeavouring to show forth what is best and noblest in the British countries that are not England proper; and in the volume there is not the slightest spray of acid. With wonderful literary skill he sets forth the salient scenic characteristics of Wales and Ireland; with few but telling lines he sketches the peoples of these countries; and even with the brief space at his disposal he does not omit to make reference to some of the more regrettable things about them: only one need be cited—the money-making way in which the Irish "run" the Giant's Causeway. Every one who has ever been to that greatly over-rated plateau will cordially endorse all that Mr. Roz has to say in condemnation of the misguided Irishmen who have railed it in and made it a scene of extortion. To the mind of the present reviewer (himself a Scot), the ablest part of the book is that which deals with Scotland, a country in which Mr. Roz, as a Frenchman, has an interest that is comprehensibly sentimental and keen. He traversed the land of Knox and Scott, approaching them by Leith, where he seems to have been impressed chiefly by drunken porters and dirty buildings. Of Edinburgh he has many sage and suggestive things to say; and despite the number of times on which native authors and foreign authors have shown forth their opinions and reflections on the Scottish capital, what Mr. Roz has to say is well worth reading. The poetry and romance of Old Edinburgh are set forth with strangely vivid and penetrative skill, and the reader is surprised at the intimate knowledge that is brought to bear. From Edinburgh, with its poetry and its romance, Mr. Roz went to Dundee. With a fine judgment as to what is called for, he mentions only that the place was reached by a very long bridge, and that the town was decorated for a visit from some Royal prince. His title to deal with the towns of Wales, Ireland and Scotland, is well hinted at by the fact that he "did" Dundee in a "few minutes."

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Mrs. Campbell Dauncey. 12s. net. (Murray.)

In this series of forty-three graphic and entertainingly written letters Mrs. Campbell Dauncey tells the story of a nine months' sojourn in the Philippines. It is not a book of mature opinions and recollections, but a collection of vivid impressions and descriptions that were transferred to paper before they had had time to lose any of their colour or freshness. "I merely aimed," says the author in her introduction, "at a plain account of those scenes and conversations, generally written within a few hours of my observing them, which it seemed to me would best convey a true and unbiassed impression of what I saw of the Philippines as they are." What she saw of them—and she saw a great deal of them—does not seem to have impressed Mrs. Dauncey altogether favourably. Her pictures of domestic life among the Filipinos and the clever little character sketches she gives of typical islanders are eminently pleasing, but there is a sarcastic and indignant note in much that she has to say of American rule, American professions of racial equality, and the general habits and manners of the resident conqueror. The descriptions of a performance at the Iloilo Theatre, of a ball at the Spanish Club, of religious and national processions, and divers public functions of American or Filipino origin, are photographically realistic and often delightfully amusing, for Mrs. Dauncey has a sense of humour and a keen eye for the ridiculous. Many of her casual sketches of scenery are exquisitely done, but though she was sensitive to the charm and loveliness of the islands, she did not fall under that "spell of the Ancient World" which "binds one to the Island home and the Island life for ever." On the contrary, she says, towards the close: "I can't think what there is of the 'Ancient World' about a Pacific island; but the spell, if there is one, must be that of indolence; or the attraction, as in the case of Stevenson, simply a matter of health; for it seems to me that no other inducements could make one willingly lose touch of all that civilisation has to offer to distinguish one from a South Sea Islander. . . . Oh, you can't imagine the deadliness of the lives the white people lead here. . . . I think if it had been my fate to stay on—if I had not become physically ill, I must have become mentally an invalid for the rest of my life." It is altogether one of the most picturesque and interestingly gossipy records of travel that the season has given us. The numerous photographic illustrations are admirable.

AMONG FRENCH INNS. By Charles Gibson. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

An amusing mixture of French atmosphere and American manners filters through the pages of this book. It is an account of a tour made by a family of rich New Yorkers, accompanied, of course, by Italian and French titles making love, among the inns of Normandy, of Brittany, of Touraine.

The American names, Blodget Wilton for example, give a piquant counter-spice to the names of the old French inns and towns and roads. To meet the two side by side, to think of the Blodget Wiltons motoring through the valley of the Loire, is like feeling a swift sharp breeze cut through the fragrance of a hazel wood in summer. It is too interesting not to be enjoyable. Mr. Gibson has a way of making both his places and his people real, and both are quite delightful. The subordinate characters in the book, among whom we must include the inns and towns that the principal characters visit, are treated with the same precision of touch, so that the book has an odd charm for the English lover of France, who sees his favourite places through quite different eyes, eyes less sympathetic than his own, because belonging to a life whose note is even further removed from the French, but eyes quite as capable of recording what they see. The cleverness and neatness of the performance are quite admirable. Several times we caught ourselves skipping pages in our excitement over the story; as many times we turned back, to miss none of the descriptions. It is a guide-book and a novel in one; and a good guide-book, and an amusing novel, at that.

Novel Notes.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW (being the history of a crime, edited from the MS. of the Rev. Robert Driver, B.D., by Godfrey R. Benson). 6s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

The peculiar skill of a Sherlock Holmes may be more often accompanied by the inborn gifts of a Daniel Defoe than by the dramatic vitality and psychological subtlety of a Balzac. The unassuming volume which bears the title of "Tracks in the Snow," and is accompanied by a name familiar to many good Oxonians and good Liberals, as well as to many outside either camp, has a touch of the Sherlock Holmes ingenuity, and more than a touch of the realistic convincingness of Defoe; but it is also remarkable for that merciless analysis, that poignant realisation of motive and creative actuality, which made the novelist of the Comédie Humaine so unique a master in his realisation of the beast and the angel conflicting in mortal combat on the battle-ground of human souls. For Mr. Benson, as for Balzac, no detail is unimportant, whether of life or of character, and no ideal too high, no vision of temptation so portentous as to be out of the picture. This is a short novel, and lacks the continual "rubbing in" of what has already been made obvious, which occasionally wearies the readers of the great Frenchman. It is even in a sense "Impressionist," so light and deft are the strokes, in work that, being forcible as well as delicate, attains daring results without any sense of laboured effort or excessive paint. For sheer cleverness of the unobtrusive kind, hardly anything in the book can exceed the verisimilitude of the homely, almost deprecating, style in which the quiet country rector records this sensational narrative—a style marvellously revealing the narrator as imagined by the author, yet quite competent to pourtray his more extraordinary companions. If this be Mr. Benson's first novel, we sincerely hope it will not be his last.

PROFIT AND LOSS. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Methuen.)

Admirers of Mr. John Oxenham will have every reason to be satisfied with this his latest novel, for it is marked by all the features that have made him popular as a teller of tales—it is naïve, it has a "plot" of some ingenuity, in style it is unambitious, and there is an emphatic "moral touch." At the outset we meet a bank clerk who is in debt, and who, to provide money for his wife and family, confesses to a forgery which he did not commit. Transportation to Australia is his reward; and he figures but little in the story—which is to be regretted, as he is a good deal more convincing and interesting than the majority of the other characters. The tale deals chiefly with the family of the innocent convict—a family who live a sugary sentimental life in Pentonville, where the mother keeps a boarding-house inhabited by medical students such as never were on sea or land. They are not merely Good Young Men: they are Ideal, and one would like to hear criticism of them from St. Bartholomew's, at which hospital they are represented as studying. The hero is the son of the convict, and he is a writing hero, with a conventionally successful career. He is the "litterateur" of the novelist, and there are the usual piles and piles of rejected manuscripts, the usual dogged perseverance, and the usual success, which one sees from the very beginning is sure to arrive. In dealing with the hero's career, the author introduces a good deal concerning the literary life as it is lived in and about the Fleet Street of the present day, and pleasant sketches are given of an inky coterie who call themselves the Quills' Club. The story moves easily, but would be aided in its progress if Mr. Oxenham had a keener sense of humour and was less given to moralising in a way that is only amusing when one considers the depth of the moralisations. This sort of thing, for example, which occurs on page one, "Most men carry in themselves some of the faults of their forbears: some few even retain some of their virtues." "Light relief" of a kind that is not particularly light is provided by two affectionate brothers, serialists, members of the Club. When they appear, Mr. Oxenham provides them with conversation of which this is a typical example: "'And h-he was up at Leadenhall Market looking at C-Cochin China hens yesterday,' bubbled Chris. 'Well, I like to look at 'em, and it don't do 'em any harm. You wait till you taste my eggs warm from the nest.' 'S-sooner have spring chicken and peas.' 'Not my chickens. I ain't agoing to kill em.' . . . 'S-swop you my peas for y-your chickens.'" And so on. "Profit and Loss" has an attractive photogravure frontispiece by Mr. Harold Copping.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE. By Charles G. D. Roberts. 6s. (Harrap.)

Adopting a rather well-worn convention, with variations, Mr. Roberts sends six men of a New Brunswick city away into the wilds of the Squatooks on a summer holiday; they travel together in three good birch canoes, and when they land and pitch their tent of nights they tell each other yarns round the camp fire. The result is a series of short stories as widely varied in matter and manner as are the characters of the half-dozen men who relate them. Each man has told his three or four tales before the holiday is done, and they are by turns tales of adventures among Indians, of fights with bears and panthers and wild cattle, of thrillingly narrow escapes on the prairies, in the rapids, or pearl-fishing fathoms down under the sea. The stories are picturesquely written and alive with interest; they make up an ideal book for the holidays.

THE SPANISH DOWRY. By L. Dougall. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

If verisimilitude be necessary to a good novel, then this is not of the best. The story is one of those bewildering entanglements of fortuitous incidents that in the hands of a master are rightly enough called plot. Here, however, one is puzzled to know why the mere labour of writing down such a *pot-pourri* of improbabilities was ever undertaken. We are first introduced to a sickly, precocious and rather unpleasant boy who was seriously maimed in a railway accident at the same time as his father was slightly hurt. This part of the story recalls Goldsmith's "Mad Dog"; for soon a wonder came to light, the boy recovered of the hurt, the father 'twas that died. Discharged from hospital, Master Alexis Ferguson is foisted upon an uncle who lives alone on the southern coast. We expect trouble, but the uncle, a "yellow man," proves anything but terrible to his nephew, who christens him Helios. Alexis miraculously blossoms into a publisher's reader and editor of a boys' magazine, and in the intervals of toil he has weird adventures over a Spanish dowry, buried with some lovely ancestors of the woman Helios married and lost at the church door. Two beautiful half Spanish girls make seemingly supernatural visits to the hermitage of Helios and Alexis, but when one follows all the tedious explanations of family history, the beauties' intrusion becomes quite mundane and material. This is a pity, for the one mystery of the book should not have been ruthlessly dispelled.

THE SHADOW OF LIFE. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. 6s. (Constable.)

A novel that gives promise of deep philosophical significance and then ends aimlessly leaves the reader with a sense of personal grievance. Mrs. Sedgwick opens "The Shadow of Life" with a fine contrast of two lives and temperaments, the everlasting no and the everlasting yea, embodied in Gavan Palairet and Eppie Gifford. They are "souls" in the best sense, sensitive, civilised, vibrant, yet

not decadent. Their culture is that of "education" as that word is understood at the great seats of learning, and not in the superior dens of minor-poets and painters who view the world through *absinthe*. For three parts of the book Gavan and Eppie are very real, and the conflict between the blighting negation of the one and the vivid persuasion of the other is charmingly suggestive. But the problem ends nowhere. The delightful Eppie is sacrificed wantonly; for her death brings no health to Gavan's mood. Life is to him apparently as unreal and worthless a thing as before. So we turn the last page with regret. The shading is infinitely delicate, infinitely complex, but all to no purpose. The picture of Eppie's aristocratic Scottish home is quite faithful, at times even exquisite. But the Scots dialect is deplorable.

A BENEDICK IN ARCADY. By H. Sutcliffe. 6s. (Murray.)

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe tells us no story here of the clash of arms, as he told in "Ricroft of Withens." Signior Benedick is returned from the wars, from the field of Culloden, and from the lonely valley where he devised "brave punishments" for the Carless folk. Now is he all for the piping times of peace, and with no tale to tell, rambles with you along the countryside, and then, opening his garden gate, invites you to step in; for, says he, "The finest part of a stroll is the sitting down afterwards. Two chairs in a garden, and a bottle of wholesome wine between you, and the late bees saying good-night while you talk. . ." Then Benedick speaks, not profoundly, nor with any clamorous wit, but with a saving sense of the pleasantness of leisure and green spaces that would seem old-fashioned to a motor-harried generation of the latter days. He is still a devoted adherent of the Stuart, ever a King's Man, but, looking a little further back, he is heard to murmur against Henry VIII. for beheading wives, "not in temporary aberration, but from fixed habit." He is still the faithful friend of the yeomen not known in the South, the sturdy statesmen of the Dales; and has somewhat to say about a blacksmith who loved Homer. But his favourite fancies come with the evening light that steals downward from the moor "on quiet and silvery feet," when thinking of the graces and virtues of the old-world time, he makes you a pretty little discourse upon the Lavender Ladies whose gardens were full of bloom of gillyflower, auricula, and double-stock; whose parlours, cool and low, were wainscoted with oak old as their pedigree, and whose silver candlesticks and snuffers lay by Miss Austen's book on the little table with a great bowl full of rose-leaves. Asking who shall reconstruct the scents of last year's rose-garden, he gives you his book to read, a "pot-pourri" from his Arcady.

THE GREY DOMINO. By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The story is laid in the time of Henry IV. There was a *bal masqué* at the Castle of Pieds-du-Val, and at midnight, when, according to the rule of the evening, all were to unmask, the Grey Domino refused to do so. The hot-headed young gallants who were present endeavoured to force the Grey Domino into compliance with the custom of the hour, and the affair "seemed likely to turn from harmless horse-play into deadly earnest." In a moment "there was the flash of a rapier in the candle light," the Grey Domino witched the heroine with noble swordsmanship, fought his way to the door, and made good his escape. The story proceeds briskly, and we are told how the heroine was immured in a convent; how the Grey Domino came thither a-wooing, and how the heroine was won. Yet still the perverse Domino retained something of mystery and disguise, and it was not until the heroine was fairly married to him that she discovered what part it was he played at the Court of the King in Paris. We think this part ill-chosen, but that is the business of the author and of the hero and of the heroine, and of nobody else.

WOMEN AND CIRCUMSTANCE. By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Miss Syrett says Fate drives "modern women" in ever-increasing numbers into the backwaters of life, and she has written a volume of short stories about these submerged ladies. The most poignant story is called "An Idealist." She imagines a woman, who has lived poorly, earning her living as a teacher of Literature, who is told a love story by one of her pupils, and who wakes to find that she has had no love story of her own, that youth is passed away from her, and that she "has never lived at all." From her lodging-house window she sees another pair of lovers lingering beneath the trees. "Books, pictures, imaginative delights, counted as nothing." These things had made her world, we are told, but now they were as "a mist that rises and is dissolved, disclosing a bare and sterile country. The hours wore on; gradually the moonlight faded, and darkness fell; but she still kept her place by the window, and in the silence of the night wept bitter tears for the loss of her birthright." Thus closes the hour and the story. From the point of view of artistry, all is well, and Miss Syrett adorns her moral with the tale. But as a Tract for the Times it is not so well; though to disprove the story would be a great undertaking. We should needs set about hunting down a fallacy, and perhaps fall—who knows?—to babbling of the Higher Education and be badly frightened by the other fearful wild fowl that may inhabit its altitudes, the while we were tracking the "modern woman" (that wearisome person) to her dismal lair.

JACK DERRINGER. By Basil Lubbock. 6s. (Murray.)

"Apparently in a work of fiction," says the author in a rueful, confidential aside to the reader in his preface, "a certain amount of sentiment is considered necessary, even in a sea-yarn." It does seem hard that a man should be worried into sentiment after he has been floating in a lifebuoy in mid-ocean for a considerable length of time, and been obliged to fight for his life (with his pocket-knife) all the while against an albatross. The hero is, however, so rich in experience that such incidents do not have the effect on his nervous system that one might expect. He climbs from the lifebuoy into a whaler and finds all the crew dead of scurvy except two Kanakas, and one of them goes mad and sets fire to the ship. In spite of being blinded by moonshine, and hindered by other misadventures, the hero, nevertheless, lands safely on a coral island and is there reunited to a lady whose Christian name is Lyola, and who has been married to a pirate by mistake. As will be seen, the author spins a yarn of the Southern Seas that is sufficiently romantic; but, for all that, his excellence is in the realism of the opening chapters, when he describes life as it appears to a sailor who has been "shanghaied" aboard the notorious Yankee skysail-yard clipper *Silas K. Higgins*, "the hottest hell-ship under the Stars and Stripes." We do not need the author's assurance that much in this portion of the book is descriptive of "sea-life as it really is"; for there is often internal evidence in a paragraph, or a line, that will make the reader put his finger upon it and say, "This was observed."

IGDRASIL. By Winefride Trafford-Taunton. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

This story is one of an impalpable kind of romance written in the vein that some people would call "high falutin'," and that lends itself easily to some ridicule. A young captain of hussars, who had few friends and "no affinities," says the author, met a princess who was "a gentle royal solitary." The princess was dark and spare, and her form was crooked, but in spite of apparent disadvantages she enthralled the sensitive captain of hussars. "It is hypnotism," he muttered. "I must leave her." Indeed, they were parted, but there had been a union of souls between them of so mysterious a nature that, for the rest of his life, the captain of hussars was haunted until he met the princess, no longer crooked, in a new incarnation; when he married her, and they lived happily ever afterwards. With the exception of minor personages, the characters have no reality, and are merely puppets in the author's hands; and one, who is the wife of a Sir Anthony Jackson, is spoken of as "Lady Anthony Jackson," a title manifestly impossible. But though qualities of realism are, naturally, subordinated to the author's imaginative scheme, there is forcible writing in the book because it is sincere, and the writer seeks for the "inevitable" word that shall express her idea. The book is dedicated "To the Souls in Purgatory." Thus a solemn note is struck, and the author does not fail in achievement from any want of earnestness or seriousness; and we may assume, that deeply impressed by the difference sometimes obtaining between esoteric and exoteric religion, she has written this tale with an intention of allegory.

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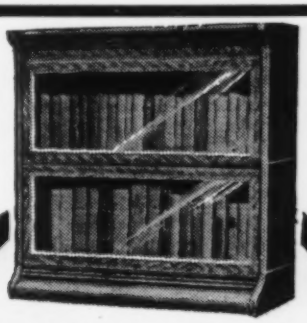

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Notes on New Books.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Blue-books which have been remarkable for their literary charm have been few and have generally been failures as blue-books; so difficult is it in handling a vast amount of material in a very limited space to combine instruction and entertainment. Mr. Angus Hamilton's **Afghanistan** (25s. net) is not one of the exceptions. It is frankly not a book for the general reader, but it is likely for many years to come to hold its place as a standard work of reference with politicians and all students of Eastern history and politics. It is more than thirty years since Sir Charles Macgregor produced his monumental survey of the same field. Since that time, it has been necessary for the student to consult a large number of monographs and biographies and books of travel, all of which Mr. Hamilton has now formed into a coherent treatise, in which research has been supplemented by personal observation. Many of his chapters have benefited by the revision of experts on separate portions of the history, so that the work may well be called authoritative, and merits the honour of its dedication to Lord Curzon, who, says Mr. Hamilton, "by the splendour of his gifts and the wisdom of his rule, has left an indelible and memorable impression upon India." The work is splendidly illustrated with nearly a hundred and fifty pictures.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

The beauties of English and Continental ecclesiastical architecture have had no more enthusiastic exponent than Mr. T. Francis Bumpus, whose **Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany** (6s. net) has now been reissued in a form that constitutes virtually a new book. The changes have taken the form of omission of all matter not strictly relevant to the subject dealt with, and the addition of numerous valuable illustrations of the cathedrals and churches of Danzig, Osnabrück, Ratzeburg, Strassburg, Werden and Wismar. The work is sumptuously equipped with more than eighty illustrations, and is unsurpassed as an authority on this portion of the history of German ecclesiology.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER AND CO.

A reviewer may well be forgiven who looks with some misgiving and distrust on a book of verse prefaced with a portrait and an autobiographical sketch of the author. But the latter carries its apology with it by virtue of its pathos and its candour. It is certainly engaging to find a writer openly admitting that her book is published on commission. But the reader who will dip into the little volume will assuredly find that the verses in **Song of the London Man and other Poems** (5s. net) by Mrs. Alice Dacre Mackay are not of the kind that are said to be a drug in the market. Many of them are reprinted with the imprimatur of our best magazines. This is not surprising, for Mrs. Mackay is a skilled versifier, and her work is ever up to the standard of what is generally termed "magazine verse." The form is nearly always excellent; very often it excels the matter. But frequently the two are up to the same high standard of excellence. There are many verses in this volume that will give lasting pleasure to all true lovers of poetry.

MR. DAVID NUTT.

The Franciscan Salimbene has been called a thirteenth-century Pepys, and there is much to justify the designation besides the astonishing candour of his autobiography. Under the title, **From St. Francis to Dante** (10s. 6d. net), Mr. G. G. Coulton gives us a translation "of all that is of primary interest in the chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene together with notes and illustrations from other mediæval sources." Mr. Coulton holds that the truth about the middle ages has become obscured by romance, and he invites us back to the pages of Salimbene himself. The book is of absorbing interest and is without rival as a picture of the church in the middle ages. The veracity of the picture is naturally a subject of vehement controversy, but of his careful and impartial handling of the evidence Mr. Coulton offers a singular proof. "Many writers disparage modern civilisation in comparison with what seems to me a purely imaginary past. If any one of these will now take me at my word, I will willingly accept his severest criticisms to the extent of thirty-two octavo pages, restrict my reply within the same limit, and publish the whole at my own expense without further comment. If my contentions are false, I am thus undertaking to offer every facility for my own exposure." Apart from special matters of controversy, the book contains much that is of importance to the student not only of Dante but of Langland and Chaucer.

MR. HENRY FROWDE.

It is a curious instance of the irony of fate that a book written more than a hundred years ago for the edification of youth should be reprinted now for the amusement of older readers. This is the fate which has befallen **Mary Wollstonecraft's Original Stories** (2s. 6d. net), which now makes its appearance in a handsome reprint containing five illustrations by William Blake and an amusing introduction by Mr. E. V. Lucas. The central figure in this wonderful nursery classic is Mrs. Mason, a name as deserving of immortality as that of Fairchild. "Since I have read this little book," says Mr. Lucas, "a new kind of nightmare has come into my slumbers. I dream that I am walking with Mrs. Mason. The greatness and goodness of Mrs. Mason surround me, dominate me, suffocate me. With head erect, vigilant eye, and a smile of assurance and tolerance on her massive features, she sails on and on, holding my neatly gloved hand, discoursing ever of the infinite mercy of God, the infinite paltriness of myself, and the infinite success of Mrs. Mason. I think that Mrs. Mason's most terrible characteristic to me (who have never been quite sure of anything) is the readiness with which her decisions spring fully-armed from her brain. She knows not only everything, but herself too: She has no doubts . . . . Mrs. Mason was the first and strongest British Matron." As we read the book, we shudder for the poor little innocents who were nurtured on this fare. If it gave Mr. Lucas nightmare, think of what *they* must have suffered, hag-ridden by Mrs. Mason. And Blake's designs could not have brought much sunshine into the nursery. Mrs. Mason is a type that is still with us; but writers for the nursery leave her alone. If they did not, the S.P.C.C. would rightly prosecute.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

"Plato at Claridge's" might have been a happier and more accurate title for Dr. Emil Reich's work, **Plato and the Criticism of Life** (10s. 6d. net). We do not imagine that Dr. Reich's volume will be reviewed in philosophical journals or that it will become a standard text-book, for it consists of ninety-nine parts of "Reich" and one of "Plato." In fact it would argue a want of humour to take it too seriously. We prefer to regard it as an excellent jest—an interesting footnote to the Social History of England. Dr. Reich has at least made the name of Plato familiar in the smartest of smart sets. He discovered an antidote for Bridge, a new sensation for society. But even before his lectures appeared in book form, the smartest of his audience had wearied of peptonised Plato and had taken literally to ballooning. We may at least congratulate Dr. Reich on the originality he displayed as a London "entertainer." It never occurred to any of our home-staying wits to turn Plato and philosophy into a pastime. Dr. Reich is fluent and fearless. We like his fun. But what must he think of the people who took him seriously?

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

The author of an autobiography who has spent more than fifty years of good service to the State has certainly no need to apologise for the egotism of his narrative. The story which General Sir Thomas Edward Gordon unfolds in **A Varied Life** (15s. net) is an admirable record of the career of one of the many soldier-statesmen whose unostentatious devotion to duty spells the secret of our empire in the East. General Gordon well describes his book as a "record of military and civil service, of sport and of travel in India, Central Asia and Persia from 1849 to 1902." He had personal acquaintance with five Eastern monarchs, and when he demitted office as Military Attaché at Teheran, he received assurance of the Shah's "highest regard." This is the story of a deservedly successful career. It is full of incident and picturesque descriptions of things Eastern, and contains many interesting sidelights on events that have long since passed into history. From the beginning of his official career, Sir Thomas Gordon kept a diary and we have it here wrought into a book of quite unusual interest.

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